

**MUSINGS**  
**Spirit Pages**  
**MESSAGEBOARD**

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Greg Norton

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**STREAM ENTRY**

LOOKING WITHIN, THE SURFACE of the empty page... tonight, or anytime... it can help, to have some knowledge, as to the 'in-roads, to good writing.' This to myself, is like what the Buddhists term, 'stream entry,' in their way, of

suggesting a flowing matrix... the passage of time, in relationship to oneself... as being, like unto putting a canoe, into a stream... entering the flow. Understanding, the language, today... thru having an portfolio, of finished essays... the world of language, and literature comes alive, for the one doing the writing... and can be seen to be such an rushing river, of life, and living. Seeing, my own works, in contrast to, or as complement, unto those of others... thus sets forth rhythms, and harmonies... poetrys... melodies, and rivulets of

expression, which tend, to want to be placed upon the printed page.

The internet, can enhance, so much, this process, as one perceives, like-minded souls, sharing ones group, or interest area. So, having stable 'inner realms,' from within which to interact, amongst ones culture... or tribe... can mean everything.

There, was a period of time, in my life, from about age 20 or 21, lasting nearly a decade, within which I have seen I was just basically 'doing time,' sort of like an unawakened, or slumbering

person... 'going through the motions,' was my answer, to the complicated life dilemmas, and dramas, I endured... the spin-offs, and by-products, of an un-enlightened soul. Through writing, music, and design, I have found the unchanging, lasting peace, amidst the ever-changing currents, and tides, of this 21st century. So, these are some thoughts, around art of writing, today. I still wonder, sometimes, of what the 'future' holds. These days, with sense of collective surety, and security running somewhat low...

future can seem cloudy, or murky; it can help, to set forth, handholds within the future, by putting pen, to paper. Since, future continuity, from this or that present...

sometimes seems more or less, shaky... I have found, that by taking the reins, so to speak... of ones own future, in ways one knows how... one finds better sense of control. When, we are allowed, to banish mystery... we can do this, within language, upon the page... by setting the anchor down, within a new day... tomorrow. So, these things are great, to see. Beneath,

the surface, of my mind, tonight...  
lines of written text, seem to  
appear as, layers, of an onion skin...  
(That which is revealed, as upon  
the page... are flowing, sequential  
language symbols, externalized,  
upon the media, or notebook...)  
And, there, is no place to go, or  
arrive upon, at all... save within this  
quality essay, or paragraph. So, one  
is reading... with no other purpose,  
than that of edification, of the  
spirit... this becomes, (one but  
hopes!) the best part, of the day, for  
the reader. What does this word  
mean, to 'edify?' A relationship,

within the underlying, morphogenic landscape... to such effect, that an broader expanse, of inner topography, is, somehow illumined by light, from within itself... astral light, perhaps... for giving of better footing, and perspective. The proximal glyphs, and icons, within ones subterrания, are seen, then, more clearly, as they begin emerging, from within the mists, all about. One looks, upon, his or her within, and finds... as many have... mankind's self-aware, or self-conscious formulations, tend, to generate a haunted

menagorie, of shadows, and murky unknowns... there's just no comparison, man with animal... human configurations, but point toward, suggest at, the being of the simple faun, who knows, unbroken time... and like the soaring bird, is forever wrapped, within grace. But then, the hawk, or crow, would be hard put, to pick up a pen... much less, sit before a word processor, and write. So, the shadows, and murkiness, of the mind, are proof, and illustration, of how, the forms, set in stone, have integrity, and lasting characteristics... yet, that

life on Earth, is continually in flux... always, becoming itself. The greater, the structural beauty, and complexity, of order... the more random, and even chaotic, may be the mind. Greater complexity of beauty, and structure... more chaotic, can seem the mind, of the master. For, the fossilized artwork, wants to be kept, simple, and serene. 'Good tying, yet, no one can un-do it.' See? The wisdom, within the aphorism, is the meaning, of the preceeding lines. When one goes to look within, upon a linear narrative, onto the

page... he or she places a few words, into his keypad, and watches them flow, onto the screen, afore his eyes. Pausing, then, he or she might save a sentence, or two, under a helpful filename... and then put the words away, in his 'in progress,' folder, and let time pass.

Returning, and opening the file, later in the day, or in the evening... chances are, they will appear to him then, full of possibility, and new hope. In most occasions, great words, will not magically appear, upon the page, as if by accessional powers... writer, will have to travel a

distance, merely reflecting, upon where he or she is at... and when finally getting to the word processor... he or she will labour, formulating a few cogent paragraphs... and experimenting, with knitting them together, into a smooth unbroken flow, or continuum, within a larger work. There, may be times of doubt... as one simply wears the sackclothes, of a 'primal non-doing,' for sometimes weeks at a stretch... he or she might not always, feel much like writing, within midst of a creative lifestyle... other powers,

may hold sway, for lengths of time... but lingering inactive, for long enough... the inner relationships, of the time-tested variety, begin at last, to 'show their colors,' in more and more sub-dominant ways... then writer, will find himself or herself coming together, in a special evening, upon the page... he or she simply fulfills, his or her promises, and faithfulness, unto him or herself. And oh, the joy... being true unto oneself... this is writers highest aim. I think, it can be important, for the times 'in between' writing sessions...

to remember, the simple admonition, 'Create no half-hearted art... no luke warm expressions...', If more people would remember this, I think there would be no burn-out, in peoples' lives... If we really lived, with belief, and conviction... the maladys, of discontent and malaise, might would never enter... one would choose precisely the ways, he or she is meant to choose... for the ancestors, are always nearby... 'for when things are in order... then greatness, can and will come about, of its own accord.' This is an important lesson, to learn... I think,

that commonly, I will travel, a distance, without any real inspiration, or inner light, coming forth... but when, truely no one else, can fulfill ones vision, like can ones own self, in time... only, the time, must be right. 'For the soul to re-enter into life upon earth, there must be amenable heavenly, and earthly conditions... one looks for windows, of opportunity. This can be the only way... one needs patience. As a child, seeing a great film was enough, for fulfillment... the adult, I have become, must find more creative outlet, of my own... I

must make an art my own. So, scanning back over these words,

now, I can see, they are well-connected, within the surface of the page... seem to sit well, and I feel as if at ease, within writing... as

if speaking. So, this is like the sweet spot, on the tennis players racquet... energy expended, is well put... well placed, and in service of

a win. And how much more so

important, in living, than in a tennis game... the total avoidance, of the half-hearted expression. For,

this can cast a pallor, over an otherwise stellar portfolio, or

career... and lead, unto  
disappointment, and a loss. So,  
seeing these words, formulate  
themselves, here upon my page... I  
am reminded, of how leaves, come  
to be upon a tree, in the spring...  
this is of the essence, to this  
writing... and now, just feeling, my  
fingertips, upon the page...  
enjoying the sound of clicking  
keys, accompanying the music, in  
my ears... this shimmering  
evening... I'll send this  
messageboard posting, along, with  
hopes someone has been helped  
along their way.

# JOURNEY TO THE STARS

I FIND, SOLACE, TONIGHT,  
within the blank page. Having, a  
clean slate, or empty canvas, my  
mind recognises, then, my own  
self, looking back at me. Knowing,  
the gist of what it takes, to  
engender creation, of an completed  
essay, I conjure a few generalized  
thoughts... like simplistic brush  
strokes, and establishing, thereby, a  
rhythm, or momentum, continue  
writing, beyond the initial

thoughts. It can be helpful, to just get my hand-eye-mind circulation, or current, flowing onto the page... opening a channel, with my higher mind, and surveying, that which comes forth, in the now. This, can

truely be like, the finding, of harmonious relationships, amongst disparate elements... the settling out, of the aches and pains, of the day... the descending staircase, down, out of the clouds, and placing ones feet 'back, on solid ground...' so, I enjoy finding time, to write. That which comes forth, can't help, but be an answer, to the

days' conundrums, and dilemmas ... I almost always, like my results. I heard, in a podcast, a wonderful speaker make the comparison: 'Civilisation is like a 10,000 year race to the stars.' His expression, was such that, he also postulated, that the turbulence we find, in some places on the globe, often these days, is something like the human reckoning, with the immensity of the void... like some sort of whirlwind thrown off of humanity, as new dimensional relationships, are negotiated... the vastness of time itself, embodied,

in an animalistic, hyperspatial apocalypse. These thoughts, resonated deeply within myself, as so very much of that which the civilized world witnesses, almost weekly.. seems to speak, only of an inhumanity... which confuses, confounds.. and defies, all attempts at explanation... yes is no. The years, since the inventions of printing, photography, and audio recording, have been a sort of 'reality check,' as we get ourselves, in step with a much more enormous galactic humankind. That, we have endured, and

flourished, for more than 500 years, now, is perhaps, evidence, that this particular species is adept, at travel amongst the stars... I feel, that we must but remember, or re-collect, the ways to get from here to there, intact. So, perhaps, our methodology is arcane... clearing the sand and dust, from off of the stone tablets... sharing communion, with universal source-code. But, this experimental divining, and arriving upon these 'higher constants,' is like an feeling around in a dark room, and locating, information about interior design.

'No one will ever just hand us advancements.' As long, as interstellar travel, isn't necessary, for us, we will probably remain lazy, in recollecting it. This is the way, it is for most anything... 'When we have to... well, we will!' Being steeped, within the binary language, of electronic circuitry, for long enough, probably will allow for exponential leaps, in new technology, more frequently.. Progress, is accellerating... so, it's not too hard to see, that this is the course we are upon. 'When the future is not just handed to us, we

sometimes have got to give it a hand.' 'If I can make something, inventive, or smart, by simply delving, more deeply, into the present now, for myself, and reshuffling, of the cards... then this day has better quality.' So, in considering, where my mind is 'at,' today, I look upon, the oceanic now.

I but wonder, as to the present mountain ranges. When, vision seems the narrowest, and one feels like a 'fish out of water,' getting a new paragraph, or two onto the page... having new writing, be seen by others, can be just the right

closure, for his or her changing mind. Then, like the foam pillow, which returns to its original shape, after being depressed, the tactile skin surface apparitions dissipate, and re-integrate, and a whole, blissful, and actualised beingness is found, or re-discovered; good feelings, then prevail. In bringing out, the rest of this article, from within the spaces, of my mind... (those areas, which seem to be most often implied, not consciously referenced...) I reflect, upon the past two years. Having moved, to a new physical address,

last August, I'm finding that the transition, and changes, have done wonders for my self-esteem. I sure appreciate all those whom help each day pass gracefully... these small things, are really important. So, and as I journey, into 2011, with a new nephew, due to arrive, in January, or Feburary... these days, are full of thanksgiving . Might I carry on, re-discovering... formulating, through invention... in gratitude. I know, the doctors, which patched me up, following two serious suicide attempts, gave unto myself, such high hopes...

new beginnings... I can't help but always endeavor, to live purposefully. So, these are some thoughts, around this years' 'new beginnings.'

ALSO: Early this afternoon, just after lunch, a very large bird... flew about 100 feet above the back yard... toward and directly over, where I was sitting, upon the back porch. The wind, from the south, at that height, was blowing about 10 knots, so this large hawk was able to cruise, almost motionless, riding a constant current, of air. I guess,

he got a good look at me... as I did, at him. I live in a house, with other houses, in a community, which stretches along the flat top of this mountain, here in northeast corner of my state... and along with the other neighbors... songbirds, turtledoves, and crows, are seen frequently, and hawks, soaring over the tree line at the back of the yard, (looking for rodents, in the grass,) aren't uncommon. So, this hawk, or eagle, was quite a sight. Much larger than a crow, with wingspan of five feet or so, hawks are quite a large family, of birds, which

includes eagles. With talons, and a hooked beak, these are birds of prey... they're not scavengers.

Crows, are scavengers. Owls, I guess make presence known, after dark... but I'm not outside much after eight in the evening, so I wouldn't much know. These communities, of animals... have been upon this mountain top, I guess, since paleolithic times...

when the only tools, used by people, were made of bone, antler, or flint. Farther back into the past, the previous ice ages, saw herds of bison, and large cats, were probably

present throughout these lands.  
Just a note, about time spent in the  
backyard, and the historical  
context.

~

What is meant by the term, Lux Natura? The Latin word, means 'the Light within Nature.' My thoughts about this, are as follows.

The fauna, which we find, about our houses, in an rural, or suburb environment... the wild animals, found in remote or wilderness areas... including saltwater and

freshwater fish, and other sea life, and turtles... mammalian fish, such as porpoises... our domesticated animals, to an extent... not to mention, creatures closer to the dinosaurs... birds, reptiles, and amphibians... of the land and water... insects... these animals, when studied at length, show themselves, to be so entirely distinct, from what we term 'human,' that the word, 'lux,' or 'light,' as if being something human, maybe doesn't really apply, much. Maybe with the exception, of dogs, and cats... which often can

appear, very human... mimicking,  
at times their owners... or in saving

a child from a house fire, or  
following human commands... wild  
animals, have their own totally  
distinct, and special society. Trying

to coax a recognisably human  
behavior, or contact, from a wild  
animal, is nearly impossible... our  
contact, with them, seems, driven  
mostly, by the seeds, bread, and  
seuit or other such treats, as a salt  
block, or bowl of milk, which we  
can put outside, where they would  
encounter it, and they can usually  
be seen partaking, of offerings, in

close proximity to people... although wild animals in general won't eat food from your hand, they will at times, come close, for a treat.

I have pondered, if perhaps, wild animals and insects, are of a direct lineage... from fairies... dwarfs, elves, gnomes, sylphs, satyr... and all of the other such beings, as which populate world lore, with respects to the typically unseen inner dimension, to the earth, wind, fire, and water... its inhabitants... and magical occurrences, such as time slips, and

other alternative-dimentional lands, which many people have reported entering, unwillingly... animals seeming, at times to form an intermediary realm, between fairey beings, and humans. And I mean, its the natural, native ways, of an animal... which seem at times so graceful... and a wild animal, doesn't much concede, to any human conceit, like a call and response dialogue, or an appreciation, of artwork... feel the need to clothe herself, or find much needing or liking to take shelter from the elements, in a

human abode, or much of any inclination, to change in any way, the nature, they're given at birth, or adopt even remotely human ways, like using tools, such as a fishing pole, or spear. But she has a way of her own... a special way... of preening and keeping her coat, or feathers clean, and healthy... keeping, herself, close to her group, when she wants... for longevity... I think, animals have their own peer pressures, and mores... such as the biggest morsel, going to the healthier bird ...and, the avoiding of a clouded spirit, or

bad smell, and thus becoming prey.

And the crows and hawks around our place, on this mountain, seem

to like to assume, the higher ground, over the yard... within the

highest boughs, of the pines, or sometimes, on the roof, of the

house... but most commonly, crowding into the highest, barest,

dead, gray tree-skeleton, at the back of the yard... the leafless

perch, some 60 or so feet above the back yard. There, I imagine they

share news, and talk about the people, and the weather. There's not much cover, for birds in that

roost... but my guess is, they instead, just kind of look down upon the human ongoing, down across the yard, at the house, and in sympathetic gesture, take the leafless perch... the prominent position.

So, how possibly, do humans, stand, then with respects to animals?

Humans use tools, eat on dishes, drink from a clean, washed glass, and use utensils. We engineer, build and drive automobiles, trains, boats, and planes... launch an astronaut, into space aboard a rocket, and orbit the earth in a

space station. Animals are entirely simple, uncluttered, un-adorned, un-festooned, and native. They spend their entire life span, in their birthday suit... never use any tool, or follow any human media, or celebrity. (But, why not, if you're an animal, pull for the local high school football team, or a nearby rival? Here, animals, needn't divest, of their instinctual innate ways, they, however seem at times, to participate to an extent, in human culture... only because, our culture, kind of bumps up against, that of animals... or maybe that's just

reading too much into it.) Whatever your view, on this, human culture, is perhaps different, mostly because of the digits, of our hands... our tool usage. Take a look, at your network television, any hour of the day or night... highly organised, focused, modulated information streams forth... sports, theatre, comedy, action, drama... all of the genres, of theatre, information programming, like network news, and documentary, or science exploration, and countless situation comedy, reality television, and talk

shows... these are shown on an  
glowing, phosphorescent and  
luminous display, in carefully  
modulated packets... concise,  
precise information exchanges,  
countless style choices, in clothing,  
animation, colors, and light and  
sound effects, a digital symphony,  
and pageantry, which never sleeps.

A wild animal, would be, such a  
contrast, wouldn't even be in any  
way able to interpret the changing  
lights, sounds, and colors on a  
television screen, or in much any  
way know how to decypher, or  
make sense of what to them would

probably just look like random blinking lights... garbled sounds. So, where's the difference? Well, think about it. We humans have harnessed electricity... even mastered music and video recording, printing, and mass production and delivery, of goods and services.... digital information storage and retrieval. Telephony... microwave towers upon every hill top... But, digital? An animal would say, 'Whats that?' So, there's no comparing, animal beauty, with human society... the animal is unlearned, un dressed, un-

anylised... it's no secret... humans have higher technology, share close communion, and partnership, with higher dimensions... and beings 'beyond the veil...', animals, I guess are more like, feathered, or furred, scaley, slimey gnomes, or fairey beings... an animal might be made use of, by an higher dimensional being... but perhaps, not so much, within conscious, relationship, or partnership... but more like, 'the unthinking doer...' not quite, as the slave, unto the master... exactly, but just solid, and liquid... their contrasts... and all which she takes

for granted... to keep her beauty, and mystery. 'You don't know what you've got until it's gone... the animal, just doesn't think, about his or her graces... she just lives, and knows she lives, somehow.

Humans, are more like paid representatives, or partners... at best serving, and shedding light into, higher glorious beings, within lands above. So, but then an animal, with her shape-shifting... her even blending into... the lands of fairies and lore... are sometimes so close to the sylphs, or gnomes... that she might become significant,

for a human, perhaps as an animal guide, or familiar. She might, be able to disappear, and reappear, somewhat magically, following a human across time and distance.

Like the owls, which to some mean wisdom, or the large, powerful hawk, or eagle, which could signify partnership, or alliance with nature, like an animal guardian... someone to listen unto, and heed.

So, and I just think, animals somewhat naturally blend, in with the fairies... never really given to self-consciousness, but at times, seeming to show forth an self

awareness, of her own particular powers, with respects to the human. So, and how, could it be any different... and her still preserve, her intrinsic dignity, composure, power? Should, she go to people school, and gradually acquire human graces, learn manners, and how to tread lightly in the workplace? Learn typing or data entry, or cabinetry, or automobile repair? She'd just become the slave, of slaves... and, so, see... she demands, to retain her mysterious ways... her native pride, distinct from human... she won't

follow you, even if you try to teach  
her like child... she's innately  
connected, to fairies, and trolls...  
dwarves, and elves... and therefore,  
must keep 'unto her own.' And,  
perhaps, too much human  
interference, could never be good...  
I mean, we already herd cattle, and  
slaughter hogs, chicken, turkeys...  
and she must set all dignity and  
mystery aside, and submit, unto  
the farmers hand.

So, the animal, and the human  
lights, rights, and conceits... are  
different. Humans elaborately  
articulate their thoughts, on media,

and mass market it at the theatre... animals, however, share, a stellar spiritual life... but not really as we

think of it. They have subtle expressions, and gestures, like people... but no way, really of externalising their dreams, on lasting media, or sharing them, expressly, with a non animal. But the song, of the cardinal, or robin, is really so special... she must be singing beautifully, on the inside.

While, so many people are dull, and non-communicative, except for their job, or hobby... animals can almost always be found rejoicing.

Maybe, one hopes, she's glad for  
the relationship... man with  
animal... and the magical contrasts,  
of this. So, thus you see, some of  
the similarities, and differences,  
man with animal.

## BEGINNING ANEW

FACED WITH, AT SOME TIMES,  
the meaningless, I will get myself  
right to the word processor... and  
dream, a little. For, sometimes, that  
which might be so right... can seem  
hollow, and moot. I tend, my mind,

like this: sounding the depths, and scanning the heights... I manage, somehow, to bring together, the tenuous threads, of inspiration...

which I can see from this eleysium... seeming like wispy stratus clouds, high above, my human perspective. As these strands, of inspiration, can be brought together, onto the page, into a concise, articulate essay, I enjoy, seeking these idealistic currents. When one wishes, to know, more about, the now, than can be gleaned, from surface appearances, he or she will, if so

choosing, return unto the word processor, and look beneath, the surface layers, of the moment. I hope, these words, can suffice to answer, to my own self-doubts, about the unknowns, which are continually playing around, the boundaries, of my consciousness.

How, can I touch upon, the unseen potrys, within this or another day, bringing insight, or understanding. How might, I be able, through this article, to localise, the subtle lands, within, onto the printed page... How might I conceive, of gifts, or treasures, which sit well, upon my

page... and too, which can allow another soul, to perceive, from within... a place of inner stillness, and quietude... calming the waters, with knowing? I have found, over time, the ways, to coax forth, this 'quality state of mind,' and court, the simple blessings, such as the truely enjoying, of a meditative state... and finding detachment, from the sometimes tumultuous waves, which continually are playing, upon, and about the surfaces, of my consciousness. The peripheral, psychic abilities, many possess, will seem always, to form

ripples, and waves, emanating from the boundaries, of ones sensory perception... converging, and traversing, the surfaces, of the waters... creating 'interference patterns,' like standing waves, and a crosswork, of arcs, and linearities.

Changing times, in some locales, upon Earth... The animism, representing the specific change, is outside, or below, level of my consciousness awareness... and is therefore, invisible. Yet, I can deduce, or infer the presence, of an invisible being... and glean understanding... by looking upon,

the latticework of waves, upon the surfaces, of my deep mind. A proximal, unmanifest being... will cast a shadow, across ones mind-brain. It is by, looking at, and grasping, these shadows, and interference patterns, perceived upon the surface, that I can formulate judgments, about the 'future.' When one does look within, in paranoid critical fashion, as words come to be, upon the page... we then, can weigh, such words, for rightness, balance, clarity and harmony... thus giving an inkling, of insight, or in

allowing, one to glean, from the ways, the crystalline light facets, make one feel... that which, is an possible answer, to the complementary questions... embodied, within the language usage. So, getting to the word processor, and divining... is usually, like an inquiry, 'into the within.' When one practices general right living, and keeps spirit pure, then the questions, placed upon the page, will have co-relevant answers... this can be, such as the minute perceptions, playing along skin surfaces... I cognize, upon the

surface of my skin... the air, composition within the room, or place... has complementary subtle changes, in accordance, with ones language. One, seems to instantly, see, or sense vibrational changes, as language symbols become placed onto the page... an immediate relationship, to ones god-concept. So, there's no pondering, over 'is this or that word usage, in keeping with the harmony of the whole...' it's an direct sort of perceptual knowing, and unfolding, of an essay... keeping oneself upon the 'straight

and narrow.' So, these are some of the thoughts, around the art of writing, today. To divine, upon the written page... placing, sequential language symbols, so as to convey specific meaning, and import... is to commune, with ones 'higher mind.'

So, seeing then, ones own self move forward... collectively... the entire self organism, progressing as one, and reaching, or transcending the goal, of written article... this is the best 'selfhealing, or maintainance,' there is. This holistic progressing, and evolving, upon the sequential page... is, too,

the joining and integrating... of ones self, within a much larger world... about him or herself. So, the benefits, of writing, are numerous. One enters, greater self-hood... and simply shakes off, the aches and pains... from recent memory. The Akasha, is spoken of to mean, the Universes' memory banks. All human actions, and deeds, across ones entire life span, become stored within the Akashic memory... and can be recalled or recollected, forever.

Understanding, this simple truth, can allow a release, from such

emotions, as anger, or the wishing to 'get revenge,' when the creator, has ones self, held in tender embrace, forever... he or she, is completely on top, of the ensuring, of justice, in the world today. All things, become known, and understood, in time, and there should be no sense, of unreckoned slight, as to another's perceived disservice, to ones self... all is accomplished, seen, and known of, in time. So, this is our simple reassurance... there's no withholding, of truth, and justice, seen in time... the complex checks and balances,

of human existance, will prevail.

**PATIENCE,  
THRU WRITING**

'Peace is a mystery, that everyone  
wants to work on, and solve.' -

Anon.

I WONDER, SOMETIMES, as to  
that, which is beneath surface  
layers, of my mind. There, are  
times, when the crashing waves,  
about me, threaten to take to sea,  
the best work, of my heart, and  
hands... when, I am nearly

overwhelmed, by the crests, and valleys, of these whitecaps. While, I don't always know, just what, factors are affecting myself most...

or into just which direction, to shine, my light... tonight, or anytime... it can surely help, at times, to put pen, to paper, and divine, upon the written page.

Simply illuminate, your own inner topography... of positive futures, onto the page... and then, renew yourself, from a place of surety... and decision. The confidence, you wish to find, from others, find instead, from within your very own

mind, and self-nurturance. The love, you wish to be shown... show instead your own self. So, I wonder sometimes, as to the sorts of factors, which are affecting myself... tonight, or anytime... it can help, to put pen to paper, and simply analyse, the moment... presently... from within, ones own inwardly perspective. I guess, I know, that the occasional dilemma, affecting my subpsyche, isn't necessarily the end, for myself... it can take a bit of a leap of faith... maybe a false start, or two, to begin to tap, the springwater, which

wants to flow, liberally... needing, but a nudge, or suggestion, from my writers mind... to begin its upwelling. This accomplished, my stylus, tunes into a new written article... and manages, somehow to detach it from the infrastructure, within my mind, and spread new printed material, upon my desktop. So, while oftentimes, I wonder, as to just that which comprises, my future, peering into the past, of recent memory, from a blissful, or joyous perspective... gives, but a vision, of lasting peace. The lands within, about oneself... comprise,

ones future. While, we are often allowed, to see only, the surface factors, of this or another time... it's by putting pen, to paper, that the subtleties, of one or another day, become clear. Just grab, up a stylus, and look beneath, first one surface layer, then the next... sequentially, down the page. You'll show yourself, to be peeling back layers, of your own future, much like onion skins, or chips, and planes, of marble from the sculptors' stone. As one, thought follows another, you'll find, in time, yourself, gifted with a new essay, or poem, or

paragraph. So, and there's a special, crafty way, one can find, of somehow carefully discovering, the inner truths, found within the passage of days, and weeks.

Imagine... one spends the inactive periods... of sometimes what amounts to journey work...

downlinking, and transcribing... the sometimes laborious, abstractions, and interpolations... the subspatial artefacts, of colliding worlds... and ringing heavens, about him or herself. When, we translate, or interpret, these experiences, in a positive way, or light... we avoid

becoming defined, by our adversity,  
and see or envision only the  
wholsome, effects, of simple living.  
So, knowing, a craft, or hobby, like  
writing, having the patience, to  
know, 'I should write, here...' ones  
avocation doesn't become, a ball  
and chain, but instead, becomes  
innately featherlight... and may  
only show, the assets... the positive  
views. So, remember, in describing,  
inner lands.. to be 100%, in service,  
of yourself... not giving service, to  
any slight, or any perceived, or  
misperceived inequity.

'The mind, is the place, where the Future, settles its differences.'

- The Old Master

When, the spirit is a real presence, within ones life... he or she, might often feel, as if he or she is being asked, to transcend, the norm... as the norm, often becomes outmoded, seemingly.. it becomes important, to exercise, etheric vision faculty, and visualise, ones way back unto wholeness. This is almost always, like an aching, or pining, from ones language center.. twisting upon, and

stretching the limits, of his or her psyche... ones quietude, seeming to be found, only through the letting be, of the innate light of the spirit.

The sense, this gives myself, is almost always, like an pushing of the envelope, and resting within, inner guidance, while divining precepts, given unto revealing both sides of the coin... both the positive, and negative spaces about. Who, or what is thought to be the Goddess?

In my view, this is an abstract, feminine proper noun, which can signify many different meanings. The Earth, its cycles and rhythms,

and all life upon and about her, including the encompassing cycles, of the moon, other planets and stars, and precessions, of the Equinox... these cycles, being that unto which the farmer looks, for the way the fertile field is to be sown, in spring... grown, and bringing forth a harvest... which is gathered, and presented as produce... these being, from my standpoint, the highest nature, the nurture, of the divine. So, and as we wish, to stay in tempo, with all of her patterns, rhythms, cycles and constants... so that we might

prosper... nature gently prods, us... continually keeping ourselves, on the chosen path... cautioning, us as to the sometimes real wilderness, around... and pointing out, the safer way, so that we might surely follow. The nature goddess, perhaps, wouldn't have it, that we make ignorant mistakes... or fail to acknowledge, the depth, of the waters, about ourselves, upon this or any day. When one wants to know, more about the now, than can be gleaned, from surface observation... he or she, may return to study... of his language faculty,

over time, onto the written page. Our consciousness, exists only over time... the expanding flow, of moments... upwards, and outwards, from each singular point... seems to give, this sense, of the passage of time... in relationship, unto oneself. As ones 'self concept,' is a more or less fixed, idea, in time and space... time, appears to come, and go, about oneself... future arising, into present... and moving behind, as the past. Time, is always, a flowing... in relation to oneself. A timeless experience... and 'self,' evaporates... fully absorbed, within

experience. So, where one is going... into 'the future,' is partly, a perceptual function... of the flow, of moments, in relationship , unto oneself. And so, I know, that my present experience, will be enhanced, by accomplishing, a new finished article, or essay... so, actions are directed, in such fashion. I lose, sense of self, in writing process, and know, now, that 'I do exist...' no portion, of self, is split off... numb, exiled, or alienated. I'm a mirror... all is one. When one wishes to look 'beneath the surface,' of his or her thoughts,

attitudes, and beliefs, he can pick up pen and paper, and place a few words, in written fashion, onto the page. I scan, back across, recent months, and years... one can often use visualization techniques, to lessen, the pain of 'tension headaches,' about the mind-brain union. There are those times, when mind, lags behind, out of tempo, with soul, or light body... times, when one stays, the other goes, away-- beyond the material plane. This, obviously can cause such great strain, and stress... when the mind, wants to form, and

maintain, such great attachments...

yet ones soul, or light-being...  
might be with the living, one day...

and beyond, the next. To what,  
then is the minds attachment to  
cling? Who knows. Itself? So, the

'paranoid critical' modality,  
becomes a commonplace thing... a  
basic state, of consciousness. So  
this is like the human condition...  
mind, and truth, often tends, to be  
slower, and lag behind, the world of  
electromagnetic vibrations... which  
can jump ahead, unexpectedly...

changing states... leaving  
consciousness, behind, to

remember, and cope with loss.  
This seems to me, to be the basic  
cause, of post-traumatic stress...

battlefield losses, typically  
involving this disorder. So, a loss,  
casualty, or accidental death, can  
leave behind such great suffering...  
'I should, have done more, for the  
wounded, in some important way...  
or the whole accidental scene, goes  
south, due to faulty information...

poor communication, or  
misunderstanding. And  
misunderstandings, can be  
precipitated, by perceptual  
aberrancies, or inequities... like

misconceptions, notions, or prejudices... attitudes, belief, and the quark-like 'unexpected reaction,' for which one may not be able to plan... one never really knows, quite how he or she will react, in a real-life situation... mental illness, can leap forward, into the present... affecting the living, unexpectedly, from times long gone by. This is partly why, they say, 'war is hell...', everything's usually a gray area... anything, 'real-life,' usually is comprised, of shades of gray. So, simulations, and role playing, can be important.

## 'OF LIGHT'

How far is the nearest galaxy? The nearest star? Too far to mention, too far to conceptualise. However, the light that plays amongst them crosses the distances with grace, seemingly pushed along on the currents of time itself. If only we could become light, and then simply be shined wherever we might want to go... would time age us, or would only the distance diminish our intensity?

And, as a photon of light, what if long ago our point of origin, our source star, had become a vanishing point behind us in the immensity of the heavens. Would we yet somehow remain, filtered and preserved through eons of interstellar dust, to perhaps join in harmony with a distant moon's reflected light and paint a glow across the surface of an alien nightscape?

The light-year... nearly six trillion miles.

Surely light is the most free-spirited child of creation. Perhaps light is simply the spindrift of time itself,  
the preserved visible remnants of the past, drifting off of the ancient foundations of reality.

Here's a thought.  
What if time were to stop moving.  
At that point in space, wouldn't light stop as well? What if there were a little person out there somewhere for whom time ran backwards.  
Wouldn't he glow?

THE THREADBARE PLACES, I've found myself in today... in coming to terms, with the sorts of conundrums, and mind-puzzles, the soul encounters, these days... lead me back, unto this earlier writing, from eleven years ago. Can one imagine, how some other, earlier, or later civilization, much like our own, elsewhere in the galaxy... having had, at their zenith, the ability to travel at many times, speed of light... or having perfected, such futurist technology, as teleportation... or time travel...

have, as beings, taken on  
shimmering... dream-like  
characteristics... seeming, to create  
little zones, of dreaming... within  
those places, where the veil grows  
thin... between us, and themselves,  
as paths intersect, or interact, or  
coorrberate... vivid dreams, like  
real life... only apparently fictional,  
and oracular... drifting, or crossing,  
sometimes into our worldview... or  
seeping, beneath the doors, of  
perception... synchronicities, and  
occurances... colors and lights...  
unusual, odd behavior, of natural  
objects, and creatures... as times,

interact... Proximal objects moving under their own power... those ghostings, hauntings, and spin-offs... like whirlwinds, and telekinesis... Can one imagine, the sorts of uncanny or strange odors, and sounds, and emotive vibrations, of strangeness... and seeming command, over electromagnetic-biological, or sub-spatial interface... from formulaic, mechanisms..., and apparent telepathic communication, such beings may show... seeming to send forth, or be accompanied by, higher frequency, vibrational energies of

mind... or alternatively... certain  
chaotic, dis-ordered effects,  
seemingly, as the creating of  
fantastic schema, and  
happenstance, for anyone coming  
within their space... I too, can see,  
how maybe these beings, have  
come to be, seen as somewhat of  
the universes' problem children...  
'unnatural angels...' like vagabonds,  
of the stars... having ascended to  
the station, or the sphere, of the  
gods... purely through invention,  
and device... entered into heaven,  
carrying still, trappings, of the  
elements... and still wearing, the

garb of the living... mastered their technology, to become, at least in part, immortal... Might one find the above, writing... and see it how I see it...

u.f.o.s and 'extraterrestrials,' may be so different, from this which we term human... that they would surely appear, so strange, and contrived, so un-real, or figmentary... as to make ones self, doubt his or her sanity, or even, the solidity, or integrity, of reality, he finds about himself, at some times? Or this sur-real, or super-real, unravelling effect... within ones

sphere? ...But then, maybe, we're only looking, at the pith, of heaven... we're only, in ufology, studying, the stress signals, thrown off by our civilization, or another, or our heavenly forbearers ... and trying, to grope, and make sense thereof... Frequently, showing signs, of stress... This probably makes a great deal of sense, to you, a reader, in light of experiencer accounts...

as adulthood, today, probably includes some sort of initiation, into these sorts of effects, and stressors, and anomalies, or tales, therof. Or, what we individuals

may, in some instances, experience, as a close encounter experience... is

like a temporal stepping, or crossing, or straying, into, the sphere of influence... of a time traveller... or extra-material entity, like a spin-off, thrown off of a proximal being... such that, one experiences mysterious mind-brain sensory effects... like, the fabric, of time, fraying... or coming un-done in some way or ways? Or similarly... one might see these fifth dimensional effects, be they symptomatic, of stress, or whatever... as time-travellers, from

the future, or beings from some forgotten epoch, in the past... or signs, thereof... which appear, to have entered a sort of twilight zone, of strangeness, through technology, or something... and traveled backward, or forward, thru sub-spatial lands, unto our time... carrying about them, the sometimes phenomenal side effects... of travel... through the mystic lands, of time?

So, the prosody, at the top, is like the naieve, worldview, of light... the following paragraph, then, is more like the real version... the way, we

actually find, such to be. Two sides of the coin. Idealism, and Realism. So, this then, is like how one might see ufology, and anomalous phenomena... while we may grope, in the dark, in trying to comprehend, the worldviews' stress symptoms... we can look at, or upon, those sorts of very factors, which lie, eating at, sometimes the very root, of these amazing times, like a tumor... those violent, suicidal self-destructions, in desert lands... and by now, there shouldn't be much of any mystery, as to why sometimes times on this end can

seem so tight, and narrow. When I wish to look 'beneath the surfaces,' of my consciousness... I can just analyse, the moment... from the perspective of my writers pen, and paper. How, might I re-shuffle the deck, toss up a few words, into the air, and watch them drift, down again, onto the page... revealing the hidden, implicate, order, within my own mind? So, putting a few, simple 'starting words,' onto the page, can let myself, gain access, into a larger work. So, for those who sometimes wonder, as to just how, writing can be accomplished,

onto the page, given the struggles,  
and doubts, of this present age...  
keep your pen flowing, onto the  
page, for a minute or two... Just let  
thoughts, collect, and orient  
themselves, on the page afore  
yourself... you'll find, that just  
seeing your own thoughts,  
externalised... generates, a  
chemistry, unique to now... unlike  
any other time. And, there's a  
special voice, one can find... as if  
one, were writing around the topic  
of, 'The Art of Writing,' and  
talking, as if unto a younger  
person... gently encouraging, and

stimulating, him or her, as to this 'way,' or path, for self discovery... you'll find, that this is like an 'creative impetus,' a subtle nudging, toward the pen and paper. And it's in a voice, like this one, that one might explore, just an infinite number, of exercises, and visualisation techniques... in a voice, of a teacher, or instructor, as to the ways, he or she herself, has found living... and writing, to be.

So... is there much of any difference, between the art of living, and ones craft, or hobby? I think, for myself... writing, or

creating... is intrinsically tied, in with feeling good, about myself, and hence, enjoying living. I do know, that I will always strive, to find creative outlet, and interface,

in a good way, with the encompassing culture... and higher mind... I begin feeling, more like a phantom, only as I am reluctant, to get myself unto the word processor, and write. Time passes, and without, some sort of outward showing forth, of ones adaptive, being, over time, I loose sense of self, and place. It really pays, to adapt, or show adaptation, to

changing times. So, and the first part, of this posting, might point the way, toward, such dreams, as found in this earlier prosody:

The ancient hallway beckons,  
sending, repeating time's essences  
for the generations. I turn, remove  
my shoes, and enter forthrightly.

The nature mother arches her  
back, as if to claim the benefits I  
offer.

My simple belongings are placed  
beside us as we couple, graciously.

With the benefit of a free-

flowing imagination, one may display collective knowledges, spirit, insight, and prophecy... Yet, perhaps the only real commodity in the world here below is the transient bliss of wholeness, that which the fractured must pursue.

On one's horizon always are glowing themes, goals of a sort which must guide the free and the bound alike.

And I am quite certain that the only proof of this is the wonderous dance which resides at the moving

core of progress, and which is the doorway to the within.

This piece, from 2000, relates to the vast synthesis, of far-flung concepts, and ideas, into a workable sort of manifesto, which I was engaged within, at the time. Today, I might not be quite as bound up, within the expression of mythic, archetypal themes, as I was then...

however, all which has come afterward, has built, or elaborated, upon those truths, which were discovered, within those formative times... through stream of

consciousness writing. I guess, it's sort of like, the difference, between the mountain ranges, and the woodland stream. Today, I'm really closer, to life itself, and living... I usually, however am not overly led into such places, as shown in the prosody above... my thoughts, are commonly, within a constant, hopefully stable voice, which I've found since 2004, and which is most commonly concerned, within the subtle variances, found within the immediate lands, around myself... and I, also, today, try and make sure, that my voice, is one of

comfort, and support... for there are so many, in the world today, whom are struggling... financially, emotionally, or coping with losses... hungry, for 'nourishment,' in any way I can do... strong voices, are needed. So, and there are lots and lots of great idea people, I know of, who consistently, are stimulating, new discussions, and furtherance, of everymans' dream life... I want to be, along such lines, as well. So, the first part, of this posting, were a little 'over the top,' and may have seemed to be delved, from an emotional, perspective... well,

perhaps, they were, but in this present, I have to keep all, so much more simple, and direct.

Below is an short piece, which more adaquately expresses myself... written, while recuperating, from a serious suicide attempt, in 2003:

Love itself is the mystic glue which seams this fabric together. It exists unchanging, ceaselessly reinforcing all that is.

It Binds the Nations, elevating the memories of ages yet to be.

...And when Eagles soar to havens beyond the stratosphere, building bridges to the sky, and all concepts become foreseeable, within infinity, then the Seer proclaims, 'Now is forever. We are there.'

So, love, has deepened, within the past eight or nine years...

I can't stand to ignore, or neglect, all which is within, for some sort of writing, along lines of 'the anomalous.' Suicide attempts, can be hard, to recover, from. In the instant that one hurts oneself, in

any way, he has simply shown him or herself, to be 'self-defeating,' on the basic level... and hence, it can be so hard to restore faith within.

It's not the person, who is recuperating, which offers resistance... it's the cultural systems, about him or herself, which seem to 'write him or her off,' as respectable adult. So, these are things I have found. Having, one single lapse, can be hard enough... it's as one repeats, those patterns, over again, that he tends to prove, him or herself, to be lame. So, for myself, it's important, to

stay, close within the group... I've sworn off, the trying to brave, these times, alone... my paths, would be inadequate, and ultimately to my own ruin.

~

So, here I find myself, again... collecting my thoughts, upon the page. There's quite a range, of ideas, about myself, today.. so, tuning into, the universal background, finding attunement, with classical traditions... is probably the best, really, I could

aspire unto. There are a plethora, of directions, of thought, which I can sense, within... seeing beyond the immediate surroundings, into

the heart, of my mind, is like finally seeing beyond the trees... seeing the greater forest. Distant spirits... touching hearts, across an galactic void. Thusly do human souls connect, within the universe.

Having a measure of faith, in the boundless human spirit... so many have forgotten, the miraculous. And, I think it is the miraculous, which we sometimes, most need. The demands, upon the internet

writer, today, are many... when something bad happens, in the world... we know of it immediately.

But, the world doesn't come to a standstill, only because of the actions, of a lunatic... while,

choosing paths, can be challenging... we usually, must carry on, putting effort forth... and making the best of this really very safe, secure time, for Western peoples, in the United States, or Europe. So, if you've ever seen the

BBC sitcom, Keeping Up Appearances, this is such an accurate, illustration, of how

commonly we find living, our lives to be. So, and I hope you can see, how the art of writing, is like a continuum... of thought and expression... while, sometimes, external events, unexpectedly intrude, into ones continuum, consuming, our consciousness awareness... with the unintended, awful juxtaposition... we can know, that, 'Where one is weak, others may be stronger.' So, and this lands systems, are really pretty wise, speaking as one whom has gotten help, years ago. I have had strong advocates, in my favor, this having

been probably the most important, part, of regaining stability, through, say the social security administration... and finding, financial help, for the times we live in, were pretty cruel, to myself, in waking up, from unrealistic, adolescent dreams, and so forth.

## INNOVATION, AS COMMODITY

THERE ARE TECHNIQUES AND MODALITIES, for allowing oneself, temporary release, from 'the hum-drum,' or the sameness, of

ones home or work environment...  
seen over time.

Visualisation techniques, can be useful, for lessening, the tension headaches, which accompany my living; as people have got to live together, ones imagination, can be an important tool. I have come, to think of these sorts of ideals, and tools, and methods, as something like, 'whirly-gigs...' inventions of mind... Something like, the particular coined invention, which goes something like, 'all of space and time, is one ever-connected, inter-evolving whole,' which simply,

causes one to stop, and think...  
helps the distracted mind, to  
resume 'lotus-like,' appearance...  
and assists in, the bringing forth, of  
a blissful state of consciousness.  
Or, as an imperative, in the seeing,  
of an invention, like a meditation  
technique, as real commodity,  
through which the dharma scribe,  
keeps good standing, and favor.. in  
addition, to healthy living. So. Or,  
as another example, which I've  
found... the ways the "very small,"  
loops around, to shake hands, with  
the 'very big...' esoteric, with  
exoteric... earth with sky... as this

illustration, can be evocative, of the double-helix, which, through a developing fetus, implies an fully developed, living organism. So, over the years, I've found, more than a handfull, of handy devices, and gadgets, for the mind... I tend to choose, from them, or invent new ones... as the mind travels, throughout its usual evolutions, which I've grown to understand, are always perceived, as something completely anew, unto ones past inner experience... at least for a time. Does center of consciousness awareness, reside, more in the

eyesight... or within the sense of hearing... or the voice area... the way, these neural structures, and sprites, are seen, to be morphed, and shaped... by the eventides, on an given day... and sometimes, this

can be like unto a downward frictional pressing... as if there were weights, looped over, ones inner ear passages, or inner sinus tissue...

or more like a lateral pressing, inward... a sort of neural rhythm, brought about, by hyper-consciousness... of the ever-present subtle boundaries, between within, and without... and the subtle

interactivity, self with surroundings... at this level. Ones voice, is like a scepter, which can be brought to bear, on social culture... ones digits, are certainly, means of completing daily housekeeping, and so forth... and, too, can be brought to bear, upon the composition, of a letter, to a friend. This hyper-consciousness... isn't this just the sense of boundary, which exists between self and others? Given ones tendency, to use tools, to alter, or change, present status... such stands, to reason, as being a sort of 'Byzantine

'Turf,' which is nothing less, than a proof, of the presence, of the consciousnesses, of others about oneself... even within solitude, in an otherwise empty room. Is this, then like the 'peer pressures,' which can cause the adolescent, to run with the group, or, more importantly... like the imperative, the internal impetus, for the entrepreneur, to innovate, and be innovative, in staying competitive? (Since, an insolvent business, or corporate venture, is of no good use, for the president, of the coorporation... nor the society

about him or herself, nor the economy, of the land, within which it dwells... if the books, can't be balanced... obviously, business minds, want to stay competitive.)

So, and there other visualisation techniques, which can be utilized...

this such as the cognitive awareness, of both, the sense of the front, of ones folded hands... and the back... the top, and the bottom...

the left and the right. Try, that, alone, putting yourself there, and you'll probably awaken, directly,

unto a more thorough appreciation, of the self, within its

personal space. In other words, there's a consciousness, of the spatial metric, immediately about, ones self; we might not always, be conscious, thereof, but it's there, nonetheless... ones etheric vehicle, perhaps... the aires about oneself. So, and as one engages, this greater self, cognitively, as a technique, you'll find you're inhabiting more of a full self-being, over time. So, the persons' hand, pointing toward the moon... is not the item, of prime importance... instead, ones eye follows, the hand, and connects, within awareness, with

the moon... now, that's something to look at. So, and I like this sort of thought... which tends to suggest, or imply, this verse from the New

Testament, which reads like...

'Wherever two or more of you are gathered, in my name, I am there also...' when one has entered, into mature avocation, then to be home,

even home alone, or with ones tools, and materials... implies a higher, awakened presence, all about oneself... Seeing the dense, carbon-based solid living being, with internality, then too implies, an inner figmentary realm, all

about oneself. The two dimensions, of the coil... dense, and heavy... and inner, and figmentary.

And, it just so happens, that our mind's, are portals... to esoteric, overarching, and overlapping minds, the world over... 'It's a small world, after all.' When, the world's a lot like a patchwork quilt... boundaries, can be firm, but they're not strict. All minds, are connected on some level. So, many of mine own inventions, of mind, are like, ways of allowing the spatial metric, about oneself, to engage oneself, as co-chair, or in

partnership, within the ancestral lands, about ourselves. And, then, to myself, this is highest aim, of the stream-of-consciousness writer... the eventual solving, of the riddles, of the heart... and growing, in understanding, and knowledge, of ones particular morphing, changing human-family relationships. So, I'll send this messageboard posting along, and trust, you can find, these simple things.

~

In discerning, tonight, I begin a rhythm, by placing a few words, onto the page. The strength, with which, words begin to flow, is information, about the time. 'I have, today, journeyed inwardly, to arrive, upon my evening.' So now, sitting with pen and paper, I find, such a rush of language, onto the page. Already, I see, that there is nowhere to go, nor arrive upon, at all, save within this completed essay. When, I don't always know, just what will be covered, within this or another written aticle... such is coming to be, in the present... so,

it's as if purely by 'stream of consciousness,' that I write.

Sampling the language, from the surfaces of my mind, tonight, the present now, consumes my awareness. Paths and trails, lead back into the mists, of the woodland; ...choosing, a path to follow, is enabled through an conversational, easy, compass of soul, and language... as if sending my thoughts, into the mists, and being supported, and gently nudged, walked through this article. The cool air about myself, is responsive, like a sounding

board... showing, a higher, more well-rounded, perspective. The mists, are a consciousness, within which I've melded, myself, tonight... I receive suggestion, as to this way, or that... my pen, moves down my page. When, I hope, to express, the simple truths, in the subtle turn of phrase, and the logic of the night... I reflect upon dream-states, as my consciousness, anticipates, the evening. This, too, is eleysium. Our eyes, so wish, to peer within the mind... to touch and hold, the intangible... to shed light upon, and harmonise within,

the hidden, underlying formulae, through which the balanced mind, is allowed, through which it is mediated, far into the future. So, writing, from a trancy, blissful place, lets language ascend, along lines of the poetic. So, this is the sort of zest, that I enjoy most, I suppose... times when the mists, about myself, become the composer, along with my imperfect self, of an article... times when the writing, accomplishes itself. So, and this happens, occasionally... one finds oneself highly adapted, and entertained, within a new

written article... whatever it may be... when, he or she then has travelled a distance, within... simply wearing the sackcloths... in the pain, sometimes the angst, of non-doing... well, he or she, is completely prepared, for writing.

He's earned quality writing, through the labors, of the heart. So, to myself, this is perhaps why I love, some writings, and music, so much... because, it were composed, or performed, from within a trance-consciousness. When one wants to get to know, this or that day better... he or she can look

within. So, looking upon the page... having no real criteria, for writing, this night or that, tends to let one in on, the general directions, the breezes are flowing along... the ways, and trends, future might show. So, sometimes, drawing inward... consulting ones writers mind... can help one to feel more confidence, in navigating future waters, of his or her life. So, and isn't this, then important? When, 'as a man thinketh, so he lives,' positive thinking is important. While, our minds, are at times led to wander... we have clear goals,

and aims, and so then, know our paths, are secure. That which is not-self, is not incorporated into ones life... only superficially...

Using the sun, as guide, and compass... ones furrow, doesn't stray to the left or the right... but remains even, and constant.

Metaphors, for mind... sometimes woodland... mists... vine... root...

sometimes, gardening... the cornucopia, which graces, the grateful farmers dinnertable... the fruits of the spirit... having a craft, or discipline, such as writing, is an ongoing continuum... one doesn't

think much, ordinarily... but through the art of discerning paths, we find, yet, rich, varied thought life, onto the page, and beyond.

Knowing to look for stimulating, contemporary voices... believing whole-heartedly, in this thought, that people today, appreciate, still the written word... there'll be readers, for the insightful writer.

Attuning, my senses, to the frequency, of this, or any day, isn't too difficult, for myself. I can usually make small adjustments, in my perceptions, of the air composition, within this day... by

wisely interfacing, with the page, along a full-spectrum, of language usage. And too, my outlook, from this perspective, is improved, so much, by getting to the word processor. Remembering, to both sound the depths, and scan the heights, today... gives quality relationship, with the page. So, this is where, my mind is at today... looking, behind, is like a warmth... a comfort... a tapestry, of days and nights... leaving behind, the density, and coldness, of the winter months... and on course, for the seasonal rebirthing, which spring

brings. Natures' cycles, and constants... In relating to the unchanging, we still are amazed, and filled with wonder, at the diversity, and fullness, of the natural world. Truely, nature is a second opinion. She's shown, herself to be in favor, of contact with the profferances, I might offer... this, I can discern, through feeling her positive vibes, today, and the closeness in proximity, she shows. So, in addition, to human observances, and value assessments, I might consult, the local fauna. Testament, unto the

acquired ethos... of playing, the shadows, and allowing only the feminine role, within writing... I can't impose, upon nature, my human ways... I can only accept her daliances, as I find them to be.

~

The news, of the devastating earthquake, and tsunami, in Japan, has reminded myself, of the fragility, of human life... our grip, upon normal life, is subject to many natural factors. Equally frightening, though not presently

critical, is the rapidly deepening ecological crisis, presented by declining honeybee numbers... aren't we just all in the same boat, anyway? I started, this writing, thinking onto the page, over the sometimes tenuous grip, had by mankind, upon existance, here on the crust, of the Earth.... our resiliancy, and adaptation, has faced many tests... as sometimes, the very ground, tries to shake us off. Collectively, I think since the 1980's, Western media, has been so swamped, by dire predictions, and ominous stories, and statistics...

(maybe more, than we know what to do with...,) such as Earths' poles shifting... 'Planet X' returning... AIDS... and 'holy war...' that our traditionally keen foresight, and envisioning ability, and planning, has become atrophied, lazy, and myopic... it can be hard, to see through the flood, of doomsaying.

Digging, beneath the surface, looking behind, apparent natures, is amazingly very reassuring! So, when, one wishes, to peer beneath, the surfaces, of his or her mind, he can start, by simply placing a few words, upon the page, afore

himself. Does one then, feel any better? Does looking at new writings, give a positive effect? So, just to place, a few thoughts, upon the page, is then like a glimpse, into future lands... certainly times of less strife, less indecision. So, while ones present moment, is somewhat unfocused, and diffuse... moving into the future, can't help but be an improvement. So, pondering over, my mysteries, tonight... thinking on, how sometimes, it's just some little side-note, which unbinds my imagination... allowing freedom,

within that which might otherwise be a stymied mind, tonight, I scan back across, recent memory... one wonders, how the present day, will gradually right itself... but I know, such an event as an earthquake, or tsunami, leaves only suffering.... which heals, only with time. It's only time... which can illuminate, a better future... and only time... through which we solve the puzzles... and which can allow, the wheel, to turn... muddy pool, returning to clarity. So, in thinking over dreaming animals... I have memories, of the past. How might I

'make the connection,' I most want to make... I wonder will I be able, to see, the truth? Or, will the secret, just be an unseen ghost... invisible, to my senses? Oh, the blessings, we can find, as we learn to say, 'Thy will be done, oh Lord.' Show me how to hold tightly, onto the secure paths... to remain firm, throughout the shifting sands, and winds, of change. Sometimes, strength is found, as we are most flexible... for it's the building which can bend, and sway, with change, which endures the tremor. As the world turns, around ourselves... and

progress surely advances, into the future... will we endure, the storms that may come, and will we continue, making the changes, we need to stay relevant? Yes, undoubtably, the waters will receed... and we'll time and again, try for the moon... so, finding the good sense, to keep composing well, is as much a function, of the always-evolving Now, as it is my own imagination... the two are interwoven, and partnered... writers, will write. I didn't know, that there was new writing, on my mind, tonight... had I not tried, I

never would have known. But that's part of writing... learning the patience, to know, 'I should write here...' writing is an easy, intuitive answer, or response, to where one is 'at' today. A showing, of adaptation... as time has passed, completed writing, is cachet, and keys, to imagination. Thinking back, over the expression, which brought with it a smile... I am pleased, with the resiliency, and good humor, which lets this writing come to be. Such, could have been old, in tone, and overly serious... but this effect, would have had less

impact... as I would try and appeal,  
to readers, today... good humors,  
can make all the difference.

## **CONCERNS, OF THE DAY**

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO LOOK  
behind the present moment...  
beneath, the surfaces, of immediate  
natures... he or she can access the  
natures, of poetry... sounding the  
depths, and scanning the heights,  
bringing loose ends, together... into  
an cogent, or eloquent expression,  
upon the page. This can be so

rewarding, for myself... when sometimes, my mind feels so like, an 'twittering machine,' or contraption... or this or that psychic tension, builds, as chores and hard work, appears to pile up, within ones peripheral eyesight... I can usually, simplify, and lessen my workload, fractionally... by sitting still, with paper, and pen, and putting a few thoughts, upon the page. And, seeing this, tonight, brings, an uncommon kind of joy and verve, unto my heart... my hand writes, as the inspiration flows... a new essay is created. So,

and this can certainly become the highlight of my day... so I do like making the most, of a writing session. I wonder, as to ways, and trends, future might show... so writing, is an excellent sort of means, to this. This, is a fulfillment, in itself, as one weighs, the relationships, he or she can see... in putting thoughts, upon the page, just a multitude of perceptions, are formed, as words become written, onto my page. Man, oh man... at the lightness, of the ball point pen, as this article 'writes itself.' How might I, a writer,

best approach writing, then tonight? Well, mainly, in the bringing of disparate ideas, into the smoothest possible flow, and allowing experience to show the way. So any way, I can help, I will be glad to. Having patience, to write, can be, like a mediation, or moderation, of a discussion session... or the hammering out, of an amendment or agreement. One thought, or another might, of itself, lead nowhere, but, it's in the ways, the wheel turns... first from blue, to red, to green, to yellow... and back again... and how the conversation

gets about... within the theme of completed, quality essay, or article... a quality flowing, down the page, that I find this writers' fulfillment.

So, this is a pleasant, task... working, for a boss, you love dearly -- yourself-- working for ones' own self improvement... taking my own discussion further along, and in an engaged, sort of way, (not being a victim, of an unpleasant mind, or

experience, taking initiative...

grabbing ones own reins... having a voice) ...since the things I've listed, are considered virtuous, in my culture... seeking to

empower, the individual, is part of the Western values, today... ...so such can also, be an enterprise, a venture. These things I have found. I wonder... as have others...

'Will computer intelligence, outstrip human intelligence? Well, will the critics, beat the artist? Will the harsh, cynical, stringent, bitter perceptions, of this conflicted, (yet somehow unified,) age play havoc, with those who would but offer hope, and comfort?

Anyways, these are questions, which can be found, in surveying the lands, tonight. 'Whyn't we

acknowledge, the divine within ourselves, and know, without doubt, nothing else can encompass, such wide patch of time, distance, and meaning, in one idea. So, and this is such, a relevant message, for those sober enough, to acknowledge, the Theosophical perspective, which I once found dubious... 'Place no faith, in miracles, which contradict, the laws of nature...' ...Only, too, acknowledge the great apparent power of overarching, animistic vision, within weightless vacuum, of Eternity... over inertia, and mass.

That seems like logic, enough for myself. Yet still the doubt is there...

as known computer simulations, might show the course, as future should show, (Asteroid Appophis

has good chance, of grazing through Earths' upper atmosphere, on its return visit in 2036. It could be argued, that human potential, is

(to state it plainly, far from fulfilled.) So, in joining hearts and

hands, with another kind soul, tonight... sounding the depths...

scanning the heights... weighing the contrasts, found onto the page...

better than hope, is faith, and

confidence, and if that's what I feel, and know... then my mood, is improved... and that can make all the difference... as perceptions, can be so important... change ones' perceptions, with a hot cup of tea, and writing... and you'll find, the elements, more and more harmonised, amongst yourself... the music sounds brighter, and therefore, an more positive experience. So, these are some thoughts, around this 'newness of perception,' found through writing. As, I have travelled a distance, without any real thought, or

expression coming forth... I feel, that my mind is eager, and willing, to contribute, in some real way, unto the page... when guidance, is pretty insightful, then to allow, the writers voice, to shine through, the mists, is intrinsically rewarding.. so blessings, appear abundant. And, at the end of the day, if I have finished new writing, and progressed, my conversation, a bit further, into brighter future, then I am all for this writing. And, these are relevant discussions... but, sensing, a general reluctance, toward stepping out, overly within

this writing... as I've a birthday, coming up in a few days, I'll keep it conservative, and bring this writing to a close. So, I hope someone, has been helped along their way.

## **RAINY WEATHER**

THE WAYS, AND TRENDS, of this... or most any day, can be generally ascertained, throughout the areas, of improvisational, and 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, music, and art of any kind. In discerning, within ones inner self...

it sometimes seems, a great relief, to finally pick up pen and paper, and write. Sounding the depths...

scanning, the heights... one resources, then the innate, 'natural wisdom...' profferred, from within the interaction of the now, with ones own self, upon the page... this being what is meant by the term 'gnostic,' to connote 'soul knowing,'

or soul wisdom. As moments within oneself evolve, ones hand and pen move, sequentially, down the media, or notebook... so writing is self-revelatory, when especially, one has gone a distance, within, a

sort of 'inner turmoil,' questing upon, the natures, of his or her, own plight... then to write, is to see answers, and possibility. 'Knock, and the door shall be opened... seek and you shall find,' is what the writer knows, within himself, as he or she has faith, in this thought, that 'God is good,' and so are also, people, about oneself, as in an ordered society. As the earth, and all life upon it, is constantly in flux, and change... it is increasingly important, to set forth handholds... to establish structure, and order. The forms, we set in stone, are so

like, the interior decorations, and furnishings, which make a house, feel like a home... we continually, are distinguishing, ourselves, from the randomness, of the natural universe... the soil, water, flora, and fauna... nature, stays outside... we go indoors. Today, I get benefit, from putting my thoughts, upon the written page; the strength, with which words, begin to flow, onto the page, is information, about the time. I allow music, to accompany, my writing... and it isn't hard, to see from the quanta and quality, of the light, thrown off,

from this present exercise, that times, are promising. My consciousness, from week to week, occasionally enters within a tunnel, of sorts... getting back, unto the brighter lands, and green pastures, is sponsored by, a patience... a perseverance, and a 'taking care...' and while never venturing, too far from home, this does provide, a rich source material, for writings...

I enjoy, the constancy, and usualness, of this process. The natural environs, today... writer is looking for possible rain showers, by sometime later in the day... this

may partly be my impulse, for writing today... as generally heightened psychic perceptions, usually accompany rain storms... our home, being on this mountain, our risk of severe weather, is slightly higher, and so therefore, we're perhaps more conscious, of the weather, than those in low-lying areas. Writing, is usually a spin-off, of heightened, or exaggerated perceptions. While, one doesn't always know, quite what is affecting, the psyche... reader can know, that each and every pronounced inner experience

has some sort of reason behind it... whether, the reason takes a short paragraph, or a much longer essay, to describe, in words... whether, there is one single factor, or a multitude, of factors, such can generally be intimated, within stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or art of any kind. Water words, and rain metaphors, come to mind, tonight. 'Downspouts help send the water, out, down and away...' The spaces, within my inner ears, relay their presence, unto myself... the presence, of possible nearby evening showers.

At another time, prevalence, of  
pleasant, easy moods, and  
sensations, make me wonder, 'have  
chances, for rain, lessened?'

Exemplary, of the flow, of inner life  
tonight... I will occasionally save, a  
snippet, or vignette, from this or  
that journey. 'I feel, I must exert...  
or else cease to exist...' And so I  
write. Being, sometimes, more  
extant upon the page, than within  
myself, I exist more so, in the mind  
of the reader, than inwardly. So  
commonly, can feel a bit buffeted,  
and tossed about, upon the tossing,  
churning waves... but better to be

floating, upon the surface, than drowning, beneath. The music, in my ears, sounds bright, and nourishing, like an spring rainshower. The constancy, of the simple, serene, well-balanced idea, or flowing, is well within reach.

The bedside table lamp, fills my personal space, with suffuse amber glow. Summer thoughts fill my minds' eye... I am glad, today for the insightful, impressionistic dreams, this writing brings, as I am so deeply captivated, by the progressing now, that I find, it's only through a 'fifth-dimensional'

practice, like stream-of-consciousness' writing, or music... that I find myself... that I distill, the subtle effects, within my mind, upon the page.

LATER: The time being around 9:30PM, the rain and thunder, has about passed on, to the east.

Rainwater, off of the tin roof, of our house, during rainstorms, tends to erode, and expose, the pebbles, chert... and anything, which the surface soil, has covered, over the years... this patch of pebbles runs in a shallow swath, along both front

and back of the house. Earlier this week, as I gazed down, at the chert, and pebbles, around the air conditioning unit, in the back of our place, while smoking tobacco, and sitting upon the edge of the porch... I found two nice fossils, and a penny-sized geode, with an hollow center, and crystalline lining, I could see. The fossils were tube coral segments, of some sort, like might have been upon the floor, of an ancient, pre-historical ocean, or sea. The fact, that this house, is located upon the flat plateau, which stretches, along top

of this mountain... to find coral fossils up here, is mind boggling. They must be old. An example, of natural, historical depth.

~

When one wishes, to look within, he or she might begin a multi-dimensional practice, such as stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or design. Applying, ones paranoid critique, unto a simple flowing of words, onto the page... this can let his or her mind, ascend, a bit, from the shadows, and

unknowns, as perceptual contrasts, prove enlightening, in a true sense.

So, through writing, I can get a picture, of the self presently... when one can see, a problem, one can overcome it. 'If I can see it, I can transcend it.' In externalising, ones language, onto a page... shaping, and forming words, into phrases, and paragraphs... ones' own inner self, becomes illuminated, by light from within itself, and one then sees the way home. Knowing, how to put one foot in front of the other... crossing distances of time, with patience, and grace... a new

essay comes into view. This is of a gladness... arriving, at a place in space-time... same space... present time... allows clear, concise unambiguous thoughts, to form, upon the page. And, this is so rewarding. As, I sometimes wonder, as to stress factors... I love this 'illuminating' of the hidden areas. The present moment... I am beginning, to find, a degree of closure, unto the first three months, of this new year. This is important, to myself, as 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, or music, must need a place, of knowledge...

some experience... to really go forward. This, I guess is my chief concern, in passing lengths of time within inactivity, or 'non-doing...;' and such can be painful... at times excruciating... but these are surface factors, of a much deeper joy... an transmutation, of dark ignorance... into a knowing... altering, of murky unknowns... into a renewal, of grace, and being. So, do you see how time, is the best healer, the best teacher, there is? The tendency, is to forget what one is doing, and feel a discouragement, and frustration, at accomplishing

very little, for what seems like centuries... but, I've learned, however, never to 'throw the towel in,' or even make show, of my exasperation... for one can know, solutions, and answers, are being found, and accomplished. 'Time, is alchemy.' How shall, I arrive upon, constants, within this world, of contrasts? When, I know, to find my craft tools and media... abandoning, perhaps rationality, and self-doubt... then, the placing of an question, or declarative thought, upon the page... just one sentence... and sitting patiently,

within contentment and surety... yet questing... an essay will develop, within the space of an afternoon. Through, the making of an initial start, upon the blank page... the mind, gets busy, and an cogent, or eloquent thought, settles in, from lands above, onto the page. When one wishes, to look within, his or her mind, and imagination, he can start, by placing a few simple thoughts upon the page, and continuing, in 'stream-of-consciousness' fashion, to write, beyond the initial thoughts. 'While, I may have no idea, at what is

affecting myself today, by looking into the now, onto the page, one might perhaps glean some insight.

The secret, to this is, that when time has passed, within non-doing,

a person 'knoweth answers...'

perhaps, the specific answer... only

such is submerged, within unconscious mind. When one sees consciousness, as being formed, of

a multiplicity, of modules, or

organelles, or sprites...

consciousness, being something, of

a second-hand game... the unique

concern, will speak subtly, upon

request. When, we're able to

consciously look for answers,  
within the subpsyche... through  
putting ones pen to the blank  
page ...

over time... thusly, the answers  
begin to come to light. So, when  
one can write, from an  
unassuming, and passive modus  
operandi... allowing pen to be  
moved, by only accessional power...  
playing the feminine role... is  
completely fulfilling. As I make  
my way through my life... I am at  
times clouded, by doubts; knowing  
to have patience, in allowing time  
to pass... muddy pool, returns to

clarity... and comfortable, easy  
writing comes forth.

## ICE AGE? WHEN?

WHEN, ONE WISHES, TO LOOK  
BENEATH, the surface  
appearances, of future lands... he or  
she can just place, a few words, in  
stream-of-consciousness fashion,  
onto an empty page... and see just  
what sort of article, wants to come  
to be, tonight, or anytime. See,  
then this... I might express, myself,  
into the future... time, will find, me

there. Without having gone the distance, to purchase, a future essay... he or she might as well, be an undiscovered gemstone, far beneath, a mountain . Come to the light, within tomorrow, and you'll find yourself enlivened, and rewarded, by your own realised potential. When, I begin analysing, my present chemistry... I can arrive, upon constants... this can allow, the wheels within, to turn freely.

While, I may not always, be sure, exactly where new writing, is going... I can easily put a few words together... and allow, myself, to

flow. So, this is new writing. How might I arrive upon an unique expression... 'In leaping, from his or her stable perch... young writer, finds also, he or she can fly.' This or that, expression... within an unified flowing... appears, to hold, unto sensibility, and good sense.. so then, I find, once again... myself exhilarated, within the new. I recently read a sobering collection, of writings... gathered, from the nether reaches, of modern Earth-time... There, may well, be no doubt, as to that which so frequently perturbs, my

consciousness... what we seem to be feeling, and often feeling pressed to transcend...best we can, is the apparent present warming trend, within the earths oceans. As the ocean temperature warms, we're finding a good deal more precipitation, in the atmosphere, leading to more frequent storms. There, should be a winter not too far into the future, when the snowpack is such that, the spring thaw, fails to melt it. The northern, and southern 1/3 of the planet, will both, then be like unto a permafrost, which simply

accumulates, from winter to winter, forming in time, a deep permafrost... perhaps, of depth of several thousands of meters. I mean, then think about it... would mankind survive? Probably not. We would have, probably, a cloud-shrouded planet... for the most part... and 2/3 of mankind would probably not survive. Conditions within the remaining populace, might be fraught, with water rights battles, and famine. So, and there will probably be a trigger event, like a super volcano, such as is eventually predicted in the

Yellowstone caldera, or some other such event, as a large metor strike, which causes an excess of dust to linger over much of the globe.

Temperatures would rapidly drop, and the planet would be plunged into a winter, which could last 100 thousand years. So, feeling often pressed to quest, upon the now... at the very best, the ice age will arrive later, than sooner. So there's no doubt, about it... the total crisis, an ice age would present... isn't a 'possibility,' unless we fail to prepare... it's a fact, as Earths' 100,000 year ice age / temperate

cycling, goes as far back into the past, as at least 1,000,000 years. (That means there have been at least ten successive glacial periods, with interglacial years, in between ... that's a pretty constant cycling.) And we've been within an interglacial period, since the dawn of recorded human history... our records, don't really go back, beyond, the most recent glacial period. So, my doubts, about this, are more like certainties. So, is there any mystery, as to an coming ice age? I don't think so. It may just be later, than sooner. Like yet

10,000 years into the future, before a cloudy-icy shroud for the planet... but with the amount of storms, and

precipitation, this past year has shown, the winters could get really

wicked, pretty soon. And then, probably all you would need would be a trigger event. And this could happen very easily, and soon. And

then, it would become a real survival game, for all of mankind. Not thriving, just surviving. Thus,

the constant prescience, we're finding. So, isn't that something,

then, how this information, is common knowledge, to some

folks... to others, it could seem shocking. This is the extent of the modern digital divide, which I think is a fault of our grade schools' failure, to bring computer literacy to rural kids curriculum. So there's much room for growth, here.

~

As one goes to the empty page, in writing... the media, ballpoint, and language, become like unto a 'surrogate self...', an 'separate peace.' Awareness, then is found to shift,

from off of the aches, and pains, of this or that day.. and grows more

or less invested, within a new written article . This opportunity, one finds, for writing, is like unto a fullness, of spirit... the 'full-filling,' of ones physical, emotional, and spiritual self, such that words overflow, the senses... writer allows, words to flow through his stylus.

Only now, does one find him or herself, within his element... functioning to full capacity. So, and the content, of his or her language... can take the form, of a subtle shepherding, and leading, of

the reader, through an exercise, in tranquility... in quietude, which might begin, thusly... 'One's breathing, forms the surface appearances, of his or her autonomic nervous system...' This is usually, an unconscious process... but acquiring consciousness, of such, tonight, I observe, the gentle, rhythmic cycling, perceived around my upper lip, and below, my nostrils. Air is pulled within, as diaphragm, pulls downward... diaphragm pulls upward, as abdominal muscles, pull upon its top surface. Diaphragm is pulled

downward, by underlying muscles, and air is pulled, again into lungs, through nostrils. This cycling is an continuous, subconscious process...

one needn't try, ordinarily...

breathing is automatic . One can readily imagine, also, the immense

expanses of ocean depth... the

atmospheric ocean, about, and above oneself... ones garments, and

gear, are securely fastened, and streamlined, so as to allow smooth passage, throughout the day. I send myself, along my daily paths... and rejuvenate, my body, and human senses, within each new day. A

morning rarely passes, without having some sustenance, and coffee... thusly, I clear the previous evenings' fog, and dross, away from my neural pathways, allowing the spirit, to ascend, along a new day.

What shall I do, today? What dreams, will I follow? It can be helpful, sometimes, to just get pen flowing. Days, spent in divining, actually solving, my riddles, onto the page, are only small fraction, of the month... but these, are by far, most memorable... most existant, into future. So, today, I write. If one could step back, from the

picture, seeing from a distance...  
accurate distinctions, between truth  
and falsehood, could be discovered.  
With perspective, then, one returns,  
unto the page. Then, so one is  
surely blessed, beyond measure.  
The ability, to sift, to sort through,  
surface appearances, and arrive,  
upon an unified expression...  
arriving upon an array of  
constants... this is intrinsically  
rewarding. 'To think that there is  
an all-powerful, yet benevolent  
guiding spirit, permeating the  
cosmos, is intrinsically, rewarding.'  
This message, seems to reach out,

unto myself, in reviewing an previous audiobook. 'To harmonise, oneself, amidst the elements, tonight, is equivelant, to a new written essay.' The fabric, within myself, wishes, to express, onto the page, and be perceived, through my own eyesight, and mind. So, I allow, hand and pen to move, over my page. 'The Journey of Art,' has been discovered, by mankind, since before history began. Preserving, a moment, even within the shadows, playing upon a wall... this can bring an transformative splendor, unto the

hum-drum mind, and self-hood. So, now you know, how a writer, will feel, commonly... to write, is to log onto, the future... pulling oneself, fully into an future time, is readily accomplished, as one adds, a new chapter, or two... for these are footsteps. So, in following, the sun today, I maintain, a steady pace, and stray not... neither to the left, nor the right. The paths through the days, and nights... might be circuitous.... but the written signs, and symbols... the writing, onto the page... remains straight. In my imagination, language, can serve,

as counterpoint, and balance, unto  
the simple, commonplace, slow,  
moody rhythms, of music. So,  
music, to myself, seems to  
encapsulate, and symbolise, the  
ranges, and extant, of human  
illnesses and woe, of a life, 'born of  
fire...'; the language, which  
accompanies, and overlays, the  
music... therefore, is a transcendant  
uplift, and exultation... stating  
plainly, a present atonement...  
basically, 'at one', with oneself. I  
have found, these things, for years...  
the two sides, to life... to  
experience... integrating the both,

in an unified expression, is  
rewarding.

## **PLAYTIME!**

HERE, I'D JUST LIKE TO PLAY about, with words, a bit... and, just feel, and weigh, the contrasts, and harmonies, onto the page. With the nighttime sky, as beautiful, as it is... I send praises, heaventoward. Fifth~dimensional space~time... the lands, of speculation. An oasis, of green and blue, and brown, below the level of consciousness awareness. This, has been a busy

week, for myself; the reader, will have probably, been able to glean this, already for himself, or herself. In the 'seance and technology' field, (pun intended!) many spectacular new vistas, are opening up... as generational researchers, come of age. Also, I am seeing, that the private entrepreneur, will often be just miles ahead, of the university research... as profit margins, are such great innovators. So, the 'module model,' of consciousness, is so conducive, unto boundaries... the finding, and maintaining, of such. Feburary 28th, of this

present year, were the first night, of  
'frog consciousness,' for myself...  
and here it is, almost the middle, of  
my year. And, whose to say that, I  
haven't been here before... as  
mankind, has undoubtably,  
reached, or ascended to binary  
fluency, on prior occasions... and  
here we do not want, to let the  
hinges, and crucibles, of  
thoughtless change, up-turn our  
vessel? I trust not . Action,  
and consequence, in my life, form  
an sort of closely-partnered duad...  
little space between. My myths,  
and ignorance of this, had me on

my knees, for almost a decade, for my 'coming of age,' happened long before, any maturity... the deciding factor, really was spiritual pain... people take drugs, because they're in pain. It's as simple, as that. As the 'action-consequence,' duad, throws up, an immediate sort of spiritual blindness... which causes frustration, leading unto habits, and obsessive-compulsive behavior.... it can lead also unto tremendous headaches, spiritual pain, even physiological disorders, or death. At around age 19, I had found an insightful little book,

called Zen Driving . Within it, the writer laid out, an deceptively simple Western Buddhist method... directed towards, the positive beginnings, of life-long 'mindfulness meditation,' the primary aim, of which being the lessening, of suffering, through the cessation, of kamma. The inroads to this path, are many; this of which he wrote, was a kind of 360 degree field of vision awareness, and learning, also, to 'unlearn your illusions,' and bring to halt, your 'conditioned response patterns' and the learning, to use innate,

mind~brain based visualisation methods, to reduce headaches...

which, as a 21 year old, were completely out of control, and baffling, unto myself, as I had never encountered such profound and elaborate headaches, previously. And also, I had just no real ideas, about prescience... nor, how it can be so confounding. So, and these sorts of meditation techniques, have been a major source of hope, and promise, for more than 20 years, for myself. If you wanted, to illustrate a subject... say, 'going to camp...' you would

have to find the basketweaving. You would have, also to find the leather working, and the waterfront. You would want documentation, and full account, of the research. Well, wouldn't you? So, these sorts of questions, are in the very back, of my mind, tonight. Oh, and there's this problem, with 'bottoming out,' frequently... leading, ultimately, to a sort of unhappy mood. (Oh, but people, probably wouldn't be able to relate, in any way, to that sort of abbreviated, sense of irony... or then, but would they?) So, just

some thoughts, around this  
PLAYTIME, tonight.

~

Pondering, over my mysteries,  
tonight... I can perceive, if I dream  
a little... how there is really an  
triune, of factors, which are  
seeming, to form such an  
imminence, of inner sensory  
information: firstly, the bright, if  
perhaps somewhat distant, material  
plane... with its mass, inertia,  
entropy, and decay... secondly,  
tonight... the mind, and my

perceptions, of it... the field, of tactile, surface and subsurface impressions, which play out, within skin surface neurons, upon and around, my face... eyes, ears, voice area, sense of smell... and the inner gray lands, wherein thought takes place... wherein impulses, are sorted through... and wherein one can consciously 'hear,' oneself think... and thirdly... the wash, or flow of moments, passing upwards through ourselves... wafting... billowing outwardly, in concentric spheres, and expanding aether fields... spheres within spheres, of

beingness... sometimes, the moment, seeming to flow, billowing up, out and away, from ourselves... expanding out of sight...

still other times, appearing, to collapse inwardly... forming denser quantum surface differentials... often found to build, and accrete, around tympanic nerve, within inner ear, or cochlea. So, my consciousness, is localised, within these three, or four main areas... forming a richly textural inner and outer 'mood experience.' I happen, also, to find myself, within one of those times... when mystery, and

the unknown... the expectation of revelations... are kept close within...

like an singular glowing ember, within my consciousness... as this writing comes, following, an week, of rather extreme solar weather...

the likes of which, the research community... may need many months, and years, to fully understand. So, and my regional weather, here upon our Earth, has over the previous few days, grown rather blustery... windy currents, of air streams, are crossing the land... pushing later, in the evening, a line of storm clouds, and leaving,

probably cooler temperatures, over much of my state. So, this sort of mystery... 'What does it mean? What am I to think?' of such an anomaly... which seems, an sort of shadow-play, resembling, a peculiar sort of biblical 'judgment day,' screenplay, of improbabilities, compounded, and amplified, by an sort of seraphim host... 'playing the shadows,' is not, what my collective soul perception needs, right now, as an stellar anomaly... is simmering, right afore me, on the days' fireplace. And, there doesn't seem to be any real answer... save, the

mature understandings, which let me perceive, the sort of 'mystery dances,' which ancient, timeless, classical ephemeral civilisations, are seen to partner within... 'while astrophysics, like astronomy, is an rather new study, for myself... I surely needn't presume, to know, diddly, about the great sun, and his host.' To suppose, that one of so few years, does know, much of anything, thereof, is probably only an miscalculation. The surface quircks, and aberrancies, of something so eternal.... so enduring, and constant, as our star,

can't really, in any way, be connected, much, to the actual workings, and mechanics, of the heart, of the matter.... to think, that an possibly figmentary, anomaly, appearing within visible light spectrum, upon the sensors, and receptors, of our heliospheric observatories... in solar orbit... is pivotal, or that the health, of our Sun / Earth environment, could hinge upon, such an 'field distortion...' as an ufo anomaly, is a bit far-fetched... such 'square deific,'?! as has filtered through, my peripheral panorama, five or six

years ago, and seen, splashing into  
the sun's surface... is more probably,

an foil, or faux protagonist ...

which in reality, only blinds, and  
confounds us, here upon Earth, to  
something perhaps, a great deal  
more both constant, and lasting.

So, and one looks, and finds, not  
one, but two, or more singular

'enfant terribles,' in existance....

such seeming to be like fairey  
lore.... granted the respect, and

given value, perhaps, by none other

than the fauna intermediary,  
keeping always, ourselves, looking  
upon 'the mystic,' as if upon

exterrestrial life, from some other galaxy. So, when mystery, tends, to be the name of the game, sometimes.... one looks for healthy meditations, which can quieten, the unknowns, into stillness, upon my

desktop, afore myself. So, and these thoughts, are almost purely of fanciful nature, for my eyes, have, to an extent, been blinded, by the glare, and hazes, of nonsense visions, which do little, except play methodically, upon secret doubts, like the drip, drip of the faucet, into a pot, or the mindless babble of an idiot. So, returning, now unto the

known... these comfortable patterns, of the seasons... I find a great deal more comfort, than ever I could, within the unfolding, and tentative sphere, of emerging research, discovery, and technology... which often turns square upon, sometimes, visions and sights, which maybe should not be looked upon, directly. For seeing, now, the essence of what seems meant, by the term, 'Byzantene Agreement,' I retreat, into the simplistic brushstrokes, and colors, of that music, which feels most friendly... most

accessable, to my heart... the sound, of softly, and steadily clicking word processor keys. I re-affirm, the goodsense nature of my writers craft... putting well behind, myself, the mysteries, of multiplicity... the confusion boats, of heroic pioneering, and sometimes, self-amplifying distortion loops, of capable uncertainty.

## FULL CIRCLE

TAKING THIS AS MY TURN, to sit and write a bit... just see what comes. News of the weird... notes

on forgiveness... a desire to fully experience life... a feeling of having come full-circle, a sense of renewal - these are some things which are usually there for us, if we have faith and patience to endure the long winter. I guess, the most important ingredient for my own peace is my strong sense of self knowledge, especially a knowing, the guiding hands in my life. As a child, I was raised as an equal to my parents... not as a dog, or bastard, or idiot. So many parents loose patience with their kids so early. But applying a great

understanding to my antics let my family raise me in a more considered fashion. So, each of us has so much good to share with the world... for, sharing what we have is the best way to truely love ones own self. And, how far we can come, when we really have someone we can call our own, someone who really sees far more in us than we can see ourselves. So, blessings are many. Thinking back on the earlier holidays is a great way to nurture ones sense of gratitude... for those we have around us, and the regular seasons

we celebrate... the times we share.

And I know, that if there ever comes a time when the sun above becomes completely blocked by clouds, in this life, there'll always

be another day to wake up renewed, and open ones mind, and senses to new vistas, all over again.

Well, although it may not always be apparent, to those who have followed this project, I am optimistic, in so many, many ways.

I think the main thing I face is the seeming tendancy to get caught up

in the antics of the lower mind: headaches being about the worst of

this. And if that's the worst of my worries, then I guess I must be doing something right. At least 2/3 of the Universe, is unseen. The past, and the future, for instance. The mysteries, within which my mind finds itself, tonight... If I could but 'banish mystery,' to an extent... my plight, would be improved. Sometimes, I wonder, as to just what sorts of factors, are affecting myself most... knowing to find the stream-of-consciousness medium... to lose myself, within a new language composition, for an evening... I am readily able, to size

up, or come to terms, with this or any day. In 'looking within,' one may feel more or less tranquil... inward quietude, for myself, is a more or less lasting peace... has been for years. While, I'm not really one to 'sweat the small stuff...' I do find myself, most richly blessed, when the meteorological weather is not such a predominate factor. So, while today has seemed a bit prescient... a sort of thorniness, being predominate, around any sort of scar tissue... old wounds, which have healed, can be back-breaking... a sort of 'binding

up,' on the inside... this is probably caused, by talk of, more frequent precipitation, in my area of the country. When one stops, to peer within the psyche... the best way, I know to do this, is through stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or art of any kind. Time, will have passed, from ones' previous writing session... and so, he or she will have 'gone the distance...' he will have then, some knowledge, as to what to talk about, in writing... and what's not so important. The mind, of a writer, is alot like a computer... experiences, over time, are

compared... contrasted, and seen...

responses, are tested, with an inwardly sort of ancestral 'test group...' looking at, what would happen, if I said this, or that, to you... as ones innate reaction, to any sort of stimuli... be it inwardly.. outwardly.. is a large part of what makes one prescient. Areas of thinking, and feeling, are tested... seeing, thereby if those areas might be any sort of valid speech, or just what would be the right thinking, the right speaking, now. So, and sometimes, one finds little to say... he or she, might be

'neath the umbrella... beneath, the  
blankets of an earlier writer. As, I  
have completed, an audio book  
treatment, of Walt Whitmans'  
*Leaves of Grass* , earlier this week...  
This man, would be, so much more  
well established... were he still  
alive... more of a fixture, within  
Earth... so, perhaps, my own load, is  
a bit lighter, or less iconoclastic,  
experientially... than others' paths,  
may be... as I feel less, or more  
'within grace... less 'in the spotlight.'

So, these are some of the  
perceptions, around this writers  
craft, today. Far above me, now...

wispy, tenuous strands, of inspiration... How, to bring these diaphrenous strands into a cogent expression... which symbol, will be the keystroke, around which this new world, will formulate?

Perhaps, within, the wonder, of an renewal, within the local fauna... as a timeless truth, is being told anew.

To write, is to be, in the presence, of an computational mind fabric... within each symbol placed upon the page... another hue, in the many splendored color-field, through the spectroscope of my minds eye... another modulation,

within the 'rainbow magic,' found,  
upon the surface, of things and  
beings... a morphing, changing,  
palette, of things yet to be. So, and  
it's along, this way... that a gentle,  
undulating sonic landscape, of  
spectrum patterns, appears... and  
my mind, is entirely soothed... and  
realized, within this simple prosody.  
Gain, is accomplished, as a weary  
soul... finds renewal, and  
fulfillment. Who knows, of how  
this lands' future times, will find  
themselves... well, it's that one,  
which takes up pen, and paper...  
and ventures, upon the written

notebook. For, there may be no greater determinate factors, within one life, than ones own written expressions. For, these will find their ways, into ones' current project... shaping, and forming times long hence. So, to write, is to simply grasp, and insure, that ones' own self, is present therein. There may be nothing else controlling, or affecting my path, than my own expressions. To write, is at times, to place, a key into a lock... and gain access. A key, has arrived, at its destination. As, familiar patterns, within ones' life, are so

very much desired... I rest, now,  
within my thoughts, upon the  
regular seasonal transitions... and  
how, they're not to exhibit, much of  
anything, but that which one has  
come to know, and expect... for, this  
is the chronograph... the sundial,  
around which I structure my life...

it returns, to center... and  
redisovers balance, and harmony.  
'Equilibrium, will always find itself.'

~

As one wishes, to discern, within  
his or her being... the natures of

'past, present and future,' within his or her world... he is looking at a very complex picture. How, then, does oneself feel? So, how does the writer feel, at his or her present moment... the moment, chosen for writing... as one typically writes, when one feels like writing. So, being within a sullen, or bitter, or distracted, sort of mood, would be less appropriate, for successful writing. The whole idea, of stream of consciousness writing, is that, one doesn't have, a set topic, within which, to look... he or she just allows, him or herself, to attune,

with the present. That which is present, within ephemeral dimensions, simply comes to light, readily, upon the page, and then can be fashioned, into an useful article, invention, or essay... through elaboration. What would be the individuals' present picture? Or looking at effects such as the subtle light reflections... within writing... ones' relationships, amongst disparate voices, found within himself... ones' present sense of accuity, in discerning subtle differences... things such as his perceptual reactions, to warm, or

cold language usage, as his or her mind, can fathom it... things such as the differences, and flows, within the visual picture, involved in inputting, and writing, an essay. Ones' self concepts... and signals, from throughout the physical light body... are more or less comfortable, with his or her present sitting position... he or she finds his skin surfaces temperatures, to be cold, or warmer... the music, in the background, feels less or more accessable... sound perception is presently moodier, or blocked, or

occluded, by bored feelings... or more or less, like a happy perception, therof... and so forth, all can be found. The simplest, easiest form of discernment, can come from the staying aware, and conscious, of ones 'interior responses,' unto topics within a conversation... or unto an simple arrangement of words, placed upon the blank page... seen after time has passed, since writing. We do this naturally... automatically - within, our responses unto global psychic insecurities. Just starting out, an article or essay, with an sort

of simplistic, or easy thought, or phrase... like a simple hypothesis... letting time pass, and returning, later in the day, to elaborate, upon the initial thoughts... words will readily come... a sort of continuum, of the conversation. We can do this, verbally, through looking at ones' own ranges of reactions, unto an array, of ideas and topics... and paying attention to, and being awake to subtltiy. Perceptions... observations... are they worth having? The opinions, which can form, from week to week... are they healthful? Are

they revealing? Or reassuring? There will often be those times, when ones' field of perception, is skewed, or distorted, by bias perceived from within ones' own self, or from others... This happens occassionally, in sorting through... 'separating wheat from chaffe' Media writing, is such a fine, sometimes complex art, which requires, great skill... equanimity, poise, and self-responsibility, are key essentials --however, these elements, aren't always present, so one can be left with a tinted picture... colored, or

altered, by faulty, or unnecessary information, or bias. People, are fallible... we're only human, after

all. We can, however, 'be like water,' and play the feminine role.

Letting ones' hand and pen, be moved by only higher power... one arrives upon, just that which is present, within ephemeral dimensions... one illuminates, the stone facade... shedding light upon, that which is there already. So, there is a sort of 'free energy,' flowing through the perceptual, and subperceptual realms...

attuning, unto this can allow, the

higher thinking, to make it onto the page... in the same way, air flows naturally, down a canyon, or valley, or across a hill, hugging, the leeward slope.

## A WRITERS' MIND

WHEN, ONE WISHES TO DISCERN, within his or her 'writers mind,' and the wisdoms, of his years... he or she might go unto the empty page, with an insight, and a single-pointedness, and just then see, and perceive... that which he or she feels led, to write. Across ones

life, he or she will find himself, to be his own best friend... and sole confidant. This path 'Begins early, starts young... travels, and travels... discovers... attains.' So, and it's always, been these small, crafty discoveries... a new handmade thing... a new creation... which both sustains, a person, gracefully, over spaces of time... and can lead, in time, unto marketable skills... which, both build self-esteem, within, and lend credo, and respect, from those about. So, to think otherwise, is nonsense. When a child, is encouraged, and praised...

'What a nice sketching, that is!' ...he or she can grow, to embrace the arts and crafts... in time to identify, himself with the creative process. Cherishing, a growing collection, of original works, he or she entertains, simply, 'all of time,' as a community of creators, and crafters. The 'elesyial field,' finds itself, wherever he or she fastens his hopes and dreams... art history, is such a fascinating study, for an artist or writer... one feels kinship, and closeness, with any person who has ever lived... cave mural painter, in a leather loincloth, or

Michaelangelo, with his Sistene ceiling, or Piet Mondrian, with his multi-faceted color harmonies, on canvas, or Jackson Pollock, with his drip-paintings. There, is no real distinction between 'antiquity,' and 'modernity...' only an linear progression. Advances, inventions... re-discoveries... an gradual revolution, up from shadows. So, these are things which this 'writers mind,' finds, tonight. Wondering, if we'll get rain, later in the evening... I ponder over these new language symbols... while continuing, to write.

Weighing, this language... I am amazed, at how, it's from within shadows, that quality writing, most readily comes forth. It is also, from within, that miracles can flow... as many, many souls, go a lifetime, without awakening, unto the ever-present oceanic now.... 'As we seek, so shall we find,' being the working mantra here... but anyways, I'm glad to be writing, tonight. The dreams and fantasys we entertain, as children... the sometimes, obstacles, to healthy development... when seen with mature perspective... might very well, at

times, have been innocently led down false paths, only to form, in adulthood, a greater faith, in what

makes ones' life unique, and special... that which one does have.

So, cherishing, only the good, of oneself, embracing ones flaws, too...

he or she can gradually send, progressive gratitudes, for a full cornucopia... this or that years' 'art nouveau,' as he finds, for himself.

The inner topography, my mind finds presently... I've wanted to save,

a photo and article, from an science journal, this past week... about an particular Himalayan

grasshopper, found only therein...

which has chameleon powers.

When the temperature climbs above fourty degrees, it changes

from black, to a beautiful

turquoise... which could easily pass for a piece of the real stone. This, has got to be, one of the natural worlds,' most brilliant expressions...

the ability, to look like a semi-precious stone... when it's warm

enough, for hikers to be sightseeing... taking in the scenery,

you would hate to pass up turquoise... which could be taken home... placed on the mantle, in a

prominent place. But, it's really just a grasshopper. They just want to show off, I guess... to revel, in their warm-weather clothing. Just

thought I'd pass this along, to yourself. "When I feel good, I shine like a gemstone. Won't you stop and have a look at me?" Looking for the homeward path, from this 'Dream Cavern,' now, I begin, to make my way, back toward the sunlight above ground. As the present time, progresses into tomorrows' future, how can we avoid the pitfalls, and stumbling blocks, which so frequently trip

ourselves up? How can we hold unto the narrow path... which can, at times, be un-even, and rocky...

catching ourselves, should we stumble, or twist our foot, upon the rocky ravines? One carries a staff, or risks a fall. 'Stay on trail... don't go far from the path... it might be hard to rediscover.' So, this article, has come about, herein, in the space of this evening. My companion smiles, as 'journeys' end' nears. I am glad, and sustained, now, by the new, and can drift to sleep, in time. So, thank you, sunset, for so many

wonderous dreams, tonight.

~

I am reminded, tonight, of a tall, spindly, leafless skeleton of a tree, at the back of our lot. Having moved to this home in August of last year, some of the trees had already shed leaves, for winter. This particular tree just looked dead... crows and other birds often perched at its highest branches, for a good view of the yard, and back of the house... it appeared only a husk. Winter months passed

slowly... September, October...  
November, to December... January  
(with such heavy snowfall...)  
February, March... this tall skeleton  
sentry, over the back. But lo and  
behold, with May and June... July... I  
can't find that skeleton tree,  
anymore... It's verdant, and green...  
dark green leaves, completely fill,  
and cover the branches. When I  
realized, about this thought, its  
power, this week... I was awed. I  
just had to spread the news. So,  
now, you, too know, of the 'tree,  
reborn.' This is such an  
appropriate metaphor, for 'Life,

after death.' The winds, are a consciousness, which flows all throughout, the great literature, and artwork. The worlds of innovation and discovery, are enabled, and allowed, by the gentle spirit, of 'everyman.' This has been a constant, across all time. Ideas, seem to 'pop into your mind, from nowhere... only after the 'dark night,' of intense labor... after, the long 'winter of the soul.' This has been an constant, across all of time.

So, during this zephyr summer, remember the full, verdant tree... so full of leaves... remember, also

the winter months, when nature slumbers. So, let us be thankful, for this splendid summer... here, in the Northern hemisphere. Notice, how the balmy air feels so pleasant, on your skin... the whole buoyancy, of the summer season, and the fruitful fields. Life is everywhere about. I hope you see, how might I be attracted, also, to this little metaphor, as well. In Roman times, folklore was a part of culture, then, same as today. Those Romans, knew quite a lot... they went from a small, loose organisation, of city-states to an

Empire, spanning all of Asia.

Romulus, and Remus, were two brothers, whose mother, had placed out upon hillside, to be eaten by wolves. She simply didn't want, the two lads, and expected the hungry wolves, to make short work of them. (This was the tradition, at the time... while abortion, may have been practiced, in other ways, this was the tradition, which then was thought 'less gruesome.') Well, the wolves came along... and saw Romulus and Remus sitting there, playing on the grass. The wolves, weren't hungry, at the time, and so

they took these two little guys, by the nape of neck, and carried back unto their den, in the forest. Why, that wolf pack, nursed them back to health... reared them, in the ways of the woodland... and didn't eat them, at all... they took them in.

So, Romulus and Remus, came back, as full-grown men, unto civilisation, with the spirits, and traditions, of all of Nature, guiding themselves, and became great rulers, and leaders... leading the people, for generation, after generation, as folklore tales, which can teach a lesson. While Rome,

and its vast Empire eventually grew more and more barbarous, and eventually, led with their fall, to the Dark Ages, which was almost like, an sort of Babylon, of misunderstood languages, and miscommunication... we are young, and strong.. our future, in the West, as strong and vital as ever was. (The Dark Ages were typified by dogma, superstition, insanity, ignorance, plague, wars and conflicts... the trials, and tribulations, of warlords, bandits, tyrants, and pestilence, prior to the conception, of the printing press,

which allowed the Holy Bible, and other works to be canonized... not just in the households of the wealthy, but for anyone...) While Rome eventually fell to history, today, we go on... for we have the good lesson, shown by Romulus and Remus. So, if ever you find the tribulation... obstacles, and rocky paths... stumbling blocks, in our way, are a part of living... but we should never, let them blind, or distract ourselves, to the wonders, which are all about... nor let them send ourselves spiraling, into a victim mentality... for there is such

joy, in the commonplace... when we look within, while 'inquiring of the beyond... for answers;' 'The truth is out there... it's the truth which will set you free.' So, I pass along to yourself, this little article, tonight.

~

In staying, in step, with my own mind, today... I look upon, the blank page . The tempo, of the media, (the page...) speaks subtly, unto myself, as words and phrases, are placed upon its surface.  
Writing, can be such a joyous,

process... the illumining, of the stone surface... the shedding, of light upon, that which is there, already. So, can I make out this writing? Is the present time, conducive, unto myself receiving it? So, we sometimes, can smooth out, the 'creation experience,' by just 'letting things be...' by 'changing nothing.' Playing, only the feminine role, in writing, is the way to be nominally distinct, from 'that which is, already.' When one sets about to write, from his or her own heart, many, many paths and or directions may be taken.

Frequently, one will look back with amazement upon the words which have formed themselves, seemingly of their own accord.

Where would I like this piece of writing to convey me? What directions shall I choose? (And I think that the phrase 'what directions' would work here, rather than the seemingly endless 'which directions.') As my words flow down this page, I am experiencing firsthand what it means to be 'in the moment.' For I am solely writing that which comes naturally, far more so than thinking ahead. I

kind of want this writing to be as self-similar as I can make it. That is to say, the choice of ink color is black. The paper is white. I am writing about writing. As the light music from a compact disc fills my mind, I am warming up, once again, to the chore at hand. And really, this is more like a rite, or a sacrament, than a chore, for this sunny saturday morning.

Somehow, the nature of this type of self-similar writing is such that, I am able to evoke a handy pragmatism, a practicability, from my mind, my feelings. See? Were

I to abandon this theme for a topic more abstract, or intellectual, like current events, I would instantly lose interest. So 'once upon a time,' wouldn't quite work. What, in fact, am I actually accomplishing with this writing? Well, I am arranging handholds. The weeks pass so quickly, it seems, to me, I must write. And so, as I place these words upon this page, I am working upon a much larger picture. With what level of fluency was I writing in 2006? In 2011? Well, to remember, I'll just look back at this. And it's just so helpful

in terms of sustaining a level of meaning, throughout all my days.

So, while having another person see what I write is within the nature of this practice, I guess, it is mainly for myself. I, myself, am not a reporter. I am a writer. So, as I have a go at re-reading this now, I note it is, perhaps not a flashy bit of writing. But this matters not. It's a handhold. (Oh, because the ocean is really everywhere, it only seems like we walk dry land. As I age, the ocean becomes more and more 'everywhere.' At least this is the minds' illusion. Like a light

watercolor wash I am simply adding, and subtracting, the aural colors which I feel this space needs.

And this internet gives me freedom to do this.) So.

Sometimes the sunshine, simply needs a little coaxing to come back from behind a cloud. At least that's the feel I get from this. Stream of consciousness writing, with practice becomes such a great friend. Gosh, I could really get into the ways I had to learn to let the subtlest impulses lead the way. In other words, it takes practice to learn to 'play the feminine part,' in

writing; this was not something that came naturally. At the same time, earlier writing may be stronger, in some ways, than the more developed styles. I guess one finds his or her heart nearer, or closer in time, at different stages. For me, my teen years were very young, indeed, but by my mid 20s, I feel, I wanted to 'get to know myself better,' thru a path, or practice. So, that kind of turned into this website, and what you have here is yet another example. And I have to thank for it, what is printed inside the front cover of

new age genre books from the publisher I've looked at most, namely, the phrase, 'A search for meaning, growth, and change.' I think this guides, and inspires, many, many people. So thanks. Well, thankfully, this piece is not too lengthy, as typing is not my forte. 'If life is a journey, then life within is a still greater journey, one of experience, of power, and of discovery.' From a state of innocence, this journey starts with questions asked. An unfettered mind, with a deep curiosity of how things work, of devices, hidden

things, wonderous things, garners much knowledge from the world around it. A child looks within, to imagination, for reinforcement in his life, and finds power and freedom in the world of ideas. As he grows, his mind carries him far, but he eventually senses that his world is only a reflection of things distant and that life itself is somewhat removed from him. He wants to find meanings closer to himself... to dance within life, and not diminish into his own limitations. Sensing, one day, that his life is bereft of validity, he

consciously or unconsciously begins asking deep and probing questions of himself, that which he has always taken for granted. But soon he will not. He must find that hidden self, and grasp understanding, and then re-enter into life with veracity. But it will be a long journey. The price to pay may be great, but one day, he will look back and wonder why he waited so long to try. While the ongoings of men and women are well understood, that which occurs within the magical source, the primal ineffability, may be more

obscure. The ways of belonging, of believing, the techniques of conjuring forth dreams, the building of lives, such and such,

these things are shadow phenomena. You yourself may have read the preceding words, but who is she who has spoken them? The divine, the inarticulate... the gradual, the full-fledged... the world of life and living, continually turning around itself... these open, these closed...

these I know from the gentle, subtle action of daily living, the lessons learned only over time, and

the ways of wisdom. To be full of knowledge is to possess the keys to transform present realities. To be conscious of the presence of others

is simply to be in a state of electrified awareness, this which might at once simply define a life, still again, describe it. To dwell amongst people, while yet adhering to order and simplicity, is to know inner guidance. To travel freely... finding results and admission, thusly are men uplifted.

Lives can be defined by many, many things. Following the gentlest of procedure is usually the

best path. Life itself seems to honor those who try, even above those who try not.

The plan of life is long.

~

AS, ONE WISHES, TO DISCERN, within his or her psyche... one arranges, a few simple words, upon the written page... thereby, summing up, within his or her reflective self... the travels, and journey-work, of, say, the previous week, or two. It can be helpful, to just get thought flowing...

weighing, and testing, the ranges, of distances, and nearness, of information. 'Looking within, is an unbinding, and relinquishing, of positive emotions, from the mind.' It is thru the externalising of our inner thought processes, onto media, that we can see, the spatial depth... out of a fixated past, into brighter future. The ball-point pen, dances, over my page, tonight, as ideas, appear to flow, onto the media. 'Without, having gone the mile, travelled the distance, to see another's perspective... I'd be at more of a loss, linguistically...' the

keys, would remain lost, within the past. Sure pays, to be mindful, of the small things... for then, through friendship dances, we might find, rich, fulfilling oneness, within our local culture. Have you ever seen, how the future, sometimes comes forward, back unto our present time? This too, can be the strengthening of ties, within such future. Literature, is a lot like this... settling onto the printed page, from within future times, we are able to see, the distances, easier... our way is more secure. This, can be such a thrill...

as, having been locked, within a past-life memory, it might would prove difficult, to effectively blend, and bridge, past... present... and future. However, as the future, extends a hand into our present, by taking hold of it, we can be pulled across, and into such time . So, now you know, how a large part of the world, gets around... learning, to sit soundly, upon the page... learning, a 'personal vocabulary,' of rightness... having, a sense, of the ranges, of 'varieties of experience...' one knows always, a healthful perspective, which can, and will,

give back. The fine arts, can give back, manifold, that which one gives, unto it... it's reciprocal... balanced. So, you can see, how, such can speak of transcendental places, antiquated, time-worn themes, spiritual love, the mystic places, found within nature, heavenly light... dreams, of better worlds. While, sometimes information culture, brings unto our awareness, tales of pristine lands, spoiled, by absurd, or senseless violence, and suffering... we yet travel onward, knowing, 'where one is weak, others, may be

stronger.' So, the society, can maintain, itself, when unexpected, or unwanted events transgress, upon our lives... because, strength, always comes from within, to heal, restore, uplift, bring together, rebuild, and bring important lessons, from within the simple turns, and twists, of 'renewal, revival, and rebirth, within brighter future.' Such speaks, like the skeleton tree, with jumping, spindly branches, in the cold winter winds... which, with the summer, is found to be verdant, and covered with leaves, and fruit. So, this is the

cycle of life, as I have found it to be. So, in summarising, my July, 2011, this night, I hope you see how, while external events, sometimes intersect, or cross, our collective awareness... we can know, the continuum, of ones consciousness, can be as smooth, and unbroken, over time, even during, these postmodern days... as the tree, which endures, for season, upon season... while storms, and rain, alternate with sunshine and warmth... cold and wind, comes and goes, all around. Looking within, ones' mind, and heart, this night... I

can readily discern, that which future times, might show. As one has ballpoint pen, and paper, at his or her disposal... and with, established venue, for putting that which one perceives forth... one has fluent ability, to build, and direct his or her life, in positivistic ways.

There, can be no doubt, as to the factors, which are affecting myself, tonight... knowing to write, is equivelant, to the opening, of a window, onto ones' future. Looking within, is an unbinding, and relinquishing, of positive emotions, from the mind. This, is

accomplished mainly thru, the passive acceptance, of unfolding spheres... while simultaneously transcending them. So, to ask me,

'What, do you perceive?' Is to receive only a positive response.

This constant positivism, is so crucial, to ones' past, and future standing. I would, never have endured, the stressors, of such a life, as mind, without having always, seen the positive outcome.

So, now you know... one does not ascribe, to any victim mentality... ever, and so always, keeps his, or her self safe and protected, from

self-failing modalities... he keeps, his head, above the water. You may ask yourself, 'how new thought, can express, through myself.... given, the struggles, and doubts, of this present age... the sometimes seemingly insurmountable odds, against such writing....' this should not be difficult, for the conscious being, to discover... such flows, from a real spiritual unity... and is it's concerted expression. It is through, the knowing, and understanding, of set boundaries... that one is able to practice, experimental art. As, for the

transcending, of preconceptions, the reader, should have already seen, and understood, that this is the rule, and not the exception.

When, we see, always, the vessel, as 'half-full,' we can, in general avoid, falling astray, in any way... ones' furrow, remains straight, and constant. One has, a 'winning internality,' hence, truth, and falsehood, are both distinct, and unmistakable, and lies, are perceived, for precisely what they are... deception. In all, of my inner journeys, and travels... I have never, succumbed, to delusional thinking,

in any way, and thereby have kept my way safe, and secure. So, what does the reader perceive?

## VOICES AND VISIONS

WONDERING, SOMETIMES, AS TO THAT, which is beneath the surface layers, of this or most any present... I begin, a simple flowing, of words, onto the blank page. The strength, with which words, are placed, upon its surface, is a good sign, for myself... I look within my mind... over time... just a few hours,

is all I usually need, to localise, a new essay onto my page. 'Writing about writing,' appears often, herein... so scrutinizing, these ideas, now, as they are placed upon my page... I get the sense, of participating, and being a voice, within future times. I think, across past history, there have been ones, which were able, to connect, with times, and inhabitants, of future lands. I guess, this makes for, a good read, no matter when... past or present... as people today, have appreciation, for 'the multi-dimensional,' in literature... or, that

which appears, to speak directly, unto Earths' future inhabitants, while not ignoring, the present . So, in analysing, of the previous language I reflect, upon that which

my minds' eye can see. Good writers, I think, are adept at hyper-cortical thinking... having already cultivated, an relationship, between self, and higher selves... this hyper-cortex... the boundaries, between inside the writer, and outside of the writer... becomes for a writer, the looking glass, into the future.

While, we may not always, be consciously cognizant, of future

times, within our lives... we are most certainly able, to use 'personal divination,' in comparing, this present state, of mind... with future vistas, and panopoly. So, looking upon the future, for myself, is like unto peering into a mirror... as one sees through the lens, of 'self-amplification,' or 'self-diminishment,' we can bring a range of insights, from within the pages of novelty... new written expression. So, this writing, is, today, 'the land I've sought after...' for my looking glass, shows firstly, my own self.... and that which

imagination reveals, along the lightest, gentlest perceptions, of skin surface temperatures, and pressures... In consulting, my inner self, I find, the work of the passage of time... the, clarity and surety, and the murkiness, and the unknown... both the stable, and the undecided. So, this, tonight, is an easy dialogue, between man, and 'future man.' And, I need this sense... in allowing myself, to develop my relationship, to my future. Without, the writing, and discerning.... I might not would have language, to compare

similtudes, beyond myself... for the future, I've found, tends to keep its secrets... it is sometimes important,

for myself, to coax them out, through using the associative mind... we can sometimes, make inferences, and inductions, as to future content... by looking at our own 'future reflection.' So, these things, are important, to see.

Having resolve, to complete this article, isn't too much trouble, as I've found, over time, that I'm a 'task-oriented,' person... I can let my present momentum, and good sense, do the work. So, if you

wonder, as to how ever, you'll be able to bring an interest unto your writing, (given, that I am most commonly, pre-occupied, with the surface qualities, of my present picture... these might not be of great importance, or more or less...)

however, through placing a few words, upon the page... the future, will open out, afore ourselves, revealing the hidden colors, and harmonies, tones, and rhythms, of future language. It can be helpful, sometimes, to just feel as if one is benefitting, his or her own self...

through an addition, and

elaboration, unto and upon 'where I'm at presently.' So, these things, are great, to see. I guess, for myself... the need, to negotiate, my future... is less... for, within my life today, in truth, I have been already, 'within the fold,' so to speak, for more than a decade. And, this is important to re-affirm, as I tend, to make 'the mountain out of the mole hill,' I would not want to ever 'sell myself short,' or be unfaithful, to those other good people, on my side. 'Phenomenalism,' being one of the directions of thought, people have entertained, across time... the

risk in this, being that failure to acknowledge, that which is sound, safe, secure... for the better part, of the years, since Christs' time, would be letting myself down. So, paying attention, unto the meanings, within words we use, you should see, that things are better, more well established, and thought-through, more tried and proven, today, than previously in recorded history. And not talking myself, out of a good thing. And keeping these truths, within my consciousness. The mists, within which we dwell, are time. As

consciousness feels the struggle, between past, present, and future, we can quantify, and conserve, our lives, incrementally, by looking within, through using a 'fifth-dimensional' practice, such as stream-of-consciousness art, music, or poetry. Without some way of discernment, into the future, then we would have no ruler, by which to measure ourselves...

comparisons, being important, in sizing up, facets of our lives, and times. 'How does this writing, session, compare, to previous sessions... the fruits, of labor, today...'

how like unto others? Ones' 'physical investiture...' how great? The light music... how joyous, how exuberant? Sense, of place, and belonging... the timely factors, of constancy, and permanance... how realistic? So, since the 'spiritual collective,' within oneself, being something like a field of presences ... only loosely intimated... are an subconscious 'critics circle,' one is sure, his or her truths, and judgments, are 'self-evident,' throughout his or her ranges of answers... 1) perceptions, 2) responses, 3) reactions, and 4)

feelings, being, often, an generalised litmus, relevant unto the present 'state of affairs,' within ones' concerns. So, seeing things like this, is an artform, which has come only, across the passage of time... and through 'playing, only the feminine role,' in writing.

**I'M OKAY,  
YOU'RE OKAY**

THINKING, TONIGHT, OF HOW  
BEST to navigate, the waters, of my  
within, I am reminded, of how  
carbon dioxide, together with

oxygen, helps keep plant, and animal respiration, happening. Plants need carbon dioxide, like humans need oxygen. Without carbon dioxide, all plantlife, would die. Without oxygen, mankind would die. Add more carbon dioxide... and plants grow bigger, harder... Carbon dioxide, isn't even a pollutant! This point was made in an insightful article by an older European gentleman, which I read over last month. Industrial pollutants, however, can be harmful in the environment... due to poisonous gasses, and substances

released into the ecology, like sulfur-dioxide, mercury, lead, and nitrous oxides. So, but carbon dioxide, is so intrinsic, within the whole exchange, and cycles of life, on Earth. So, the 'climate change,' talk, as being about something man has caused, or could cause, is somewhat, of itself, baseless. So, the pressure, being put, to curb large carbon emitters, seems misgiven. Now, if we could re-focus, our efforts, from eliminating excess CO<sub>2</sub>, which is the natural byproduct of animal respiration, which all plants need, to survive...

to the lessening of toxins, in our home and work environments, substances such as asbestos, lead, and mercury... and keeping our products, and homes, and work environments, free from poisonous ingredients, in household cleaning products, batteries, some digital devices and appliances, such as television sets... furnishings, and home accessories, such as interior paint, adhesives, and others, ... and the many workplace toxins, more of which are being created with each passing year... we then could refocus, on more important goals...

There is an aphoristic, way of revealing natures, of the world about ourselves... (Moving by leaps and bounds... pivotal... pertaining to the common, folkish guidelines of older people... thought to be an experientially acquired wisdom ) which says much, while saying very little. Such expressions as 'The fruit doesn't fall, far from the tree,' or 'you are what you eat,"stupid is as stupid does,"straight as the crow flies,' and 'the grass is always greener, on the other side...' we can usually relate, to such common expressions. And I'm quite sure,

that over time, there have been many, many old wives tales, applied, to the climate change debate, over the years. This is probably due to the simple fact, that cycles, and rhythms, govern just about every facet, of life, and living, which takes place upon this island, of warmth, and beingness, which is Earth, here, within the void, of emptyness, which is space.

One would have a difficulty, in suggesting, any more of an ideal, or any better range, or scenario, or picture, for living organisms, upon Earth. The sparkling canopy, of

stars, galaxies, and nebulae, which form the Northern night sky... one can see, our star, the Sun, is our closest stellar reference point... thinking of this, can, if one allows his or her consciousness, to guide him or herself, help one to start, to understand, the immensity, of the heavens... this vastness, being, really so much greater, than one would even be able to viscerally, grasp. Within the holographic consciousness, we can sort of go a ways, toward the envisioning, of the earth-sun spatial distance, but of the interstellar, and intergalactic

relationships... imagine that. But, we do indeed have an ideal environment, (such a contrast, from the void, around our planet, here in this part of Milky Way!) ...for living on Earth, to take place.

My simple wisdoms, include this observation: 'I'm okay.. you're okay , ' as being the most responsible and truely wise, path to take, in a culture, where there's a panacea, for most anything... everyone's out to make money, curing someone elses problem. I think commonly, relationships, (within a culture, which is always on the move...

always, stretching and straining at the limits, of the envelope...) can become somewhat hypochondriac.

Everyone's seen this... how our ideas, about ourselves, tend to always be going somewhere.. from an less ideal, static, or unpleasant state, into a more ideal state, or condition. We live, often in this universe, of micro-blogging, burdened, by a yoke, or the bit in the mouth, which is always, chasing after national, regional, and local goals, and ideals.' We live with a national deficit, and hence, there is always, such room for

improvement. "For, those whom don't speak often on the telephone, the static upon the line, in the background, becomes the most apparent feature, of any conversation." So, we, now can see, how the spiritual dialogue, the intellectual discussion, upon Earth... should avoid, the pitfall of phenomenalism, like the plague. There may be others looking on, upon the inhabitants, of this planet, and my best bet, would never include, the reaching, and striving, and clutching, and questioning, within discussions... for a stronger

more adept hand, might muscle in upon ourselves, 'answering the question,' so to speak... so as to acquire new lands. I mean, let's face it... we here in America, and other nations as well, which have military presence, in lands beyond our own, as peacekeepers... have crossed through almost twelve years, of rough road, in this new Aquarian Age... quite turbulent, as I'm sure the mature reader will agree. This has taxed, our economic standing, to such extent, that our political discussion, turns, almost constantly, around debt

reduction. We are just commonly beset by this information.. in years, when the world culture, is often fractured, or stipulated, into distraction, by terrorist attack, it can be hard, to swallow, this 'world spectrum,' without developing bad emotional problems, or post-trauma stress. So, simply, the ufological discussion, seems to hinge, upon, mainly the dethroning, of the tallest guy in the room... as if this were really a goal in itself worth having. So, the climate change debate, turns around, the eventual lessening, of

human impact... and this has taken several forms... reducing deforestation, developing renewable energy sources, and the reducing of carbon emissions, are three. The only one which seems irrational, really, is the thought of reducing carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.... it's just that deforestation, is occurring in many places, completely unregulated... as money, and profit margins, seem to dictate, that we have more grazing and farming land. There's this spectre of societal decline, caused by impoverishment, of the land...

over-farming, and failure to rotate crops, and other unwise farming practices... conjoined with the topsoil simply washing into the sea... which is thought, by many, to be what led to the fall of some of the early Mesoamerican peoples, from the earliest years, since the melting of the last Ice Age.

So, these thoughts, are within my mind, as I consider, those within my group, whom have been maybe startled, by one apparition, or another, and have lost a measure, of faith, in the status quo, and who would begin a more thorough

questioning, of the climate change

debate, or the debt issue, and  
realised, somehow, 'It's a wonderful  
world, we live in... how best, to hold

firmly upon this soil, and these  
lands, which we hold so dear?' So,  
one looks, within his or her inner

self, and considers, mostly, the  
recent past, since the last written  
thoughts, have been placed upon  
the page. This is just something,  
one finds... ones sole admissions,

onto the page, or canvas... or  
portfolio... within a month...

(Amongst the literate, that is...)

there's also an world of the

illiterate... whom, I'm sure, follow another path...) becomes the common sickness, which we must right, or cure, or get beyond. So, looking back, can be difficult... as times have seemed, somehow, to grow, more fluid, this year, with such frequent and damaging affronts, unto our integrity... I have recognised, that I can abide by such a touchstone, as this: 'If you don't have anything good to say, about the present time, then shall say nothing at all.' and I recognise also, that, it's not much myself, to talk outwardly, upon my own

paranoias, which I feel I inwardly manage, pretty well. So, that said, looking upon todays world, one would choose, hopefully, to stay, upon firm footing.. staying grounded, and fully within myself. I have known, intuitively, that I can usually, avoid, those endeavors, which 'take one out of ones self.'

This is a 'can do' proposition. Surely, this is within my own, best interests, and ability range. So, just learning, to be a grown up, and remembering, how 'the pen is mightier, than the sword,' and not differing, from the comfortable, or

stable, and constant beacons... and the truths, they imply, and suggest, by default. 'Know, the stable cosmology.' 'Know, thyself.'

**DESIRE...  
BELIEVING,  
AND BECOMING**

MY READING, TONIGHT, HAS taken me back, in time, to January, 2009, and to an article by Simon G. Powell, on the topic of '(Entheogens,) and the concept, of natural intelligence.' While, I myself won't use powerful mind-

altering drugs, such as weed, or the other natural, and synthetic hallucinogens, anymore... they're illegal, so, except for those prescription meds, I take, coffee and tea, and tobacco, is all I allow. I occasionally, will look at another writers' words, upon insights, gleaned while in altered states, or in reflection upon therof. I ask myself, if it seems like natural intelligence, or intelligent design, forms an underlying sentience, which all life is part of, and is indistinct from. I ask myself, also, just who I am, and where I have

come from, and where I am going.

Well, the answers, appear, quite simple, to myself, while being, in truth, much more obscure, and

involved... yet, which can be revealed, in such fashion, as I can

come up with, provided, I am satisfied, with my answers... I have to desire, to believe, my answers. A young man, and a young woman, fourty- three, or fourty-four years ago, were married, and came into wedded life. If you think, that's where the story ends, you'd simply be mistaken. Now... bring your gaze, unto this illustration: An

monad... a conscious will, an heavenly divya, or common waif, or thought-form, residing in heavenly topography, between life cycles... wishes, or desires, to become an caterpillar, and go through life to become a butterfly.

She dreams, and dreams, of butterflys... of caterpillars... there in the no-place, of heaven... 'the everywhereness, within....' This thought is attracted to the butterflies, of Earth, and finds herself continually peering outward, into the natural world, upon caterpillar, and butterfly

culture. And, remember, this is just an allegorical illustration. The animistic will, and desire, to become a butterfly, is strong... always, she longs to be, that which she finds most beautiful... Well, one day, to someones' complete surprise, he or she wakes up, and she's an juvenile caterpillar! "I'm hungry! Feed me! What wonder is this? Where did I come from? What kind of creature am I? Where's my mother? She gradually develops, her bug instincts, and behavior, until, there can be no doubt... "I am one of these creatures

(they have their own sort of bug-talk,) and, "I had better spin a cocoon, around myself, to stay warm within... it's getting cold, out here, in these winds." Now, use this allegorical sketch, to help bridge, the distance, between, the creationist view of the Universe, and the 'Intelligent Design,' views. This concept, of 'intelligent design,' I feel, has willpower behind it. It starts, I feel, with one beings' will. So, there must be a being... and that being must have a perception, and desire. "Desire for what?" you ask. Desire, to live. (The living, you see,

know all about good food, and cool water to drink, and the world of ordinary life amongst those other creatures, which do live. For a butterfly, I guess, that means life, firstly as a caterpillar... eating and chewing, every green thing you can consume... consuming entire dew-drops, of water, when the sun rises, eating some tender soft green

grass sprigs, and spinning, a cocoon, to stay warm. And then...) So, but, I think, life begins, within the 'back lots,' of existance, in general... in other words, within the back rooms, the antechambers, of

the collective mind, the collective soul... within the inwardly, gray lands, which surround, and which are found within all life, in general.

Non-existance, within, as an monad, or elemental, or thought-form, develops desire, to be anew... desire, to be 'amongst the living.' If it weren't for mass, and gravity, and inertia, effecting, and supporting this habitable planet, with glacial periods, which Earth has, and the rythmic cycling, of ice and snow, with temperate habitable climes, then desire would have simply no outlet... it could be said, that

'intelligent design' is in essence, desire... for a planet like earth, with the myriads, of life forms, and human races, and mixtures, of races... this desire, to live mortal existence, anew, is such that moving planets, in space, 'come to be habitable,' come 'to be livable...' in orbit around a parent star, and deriving radient heat from thereof.

By this wonder, heavenly desire, will have created, a cornucopia, of similar living organisms... a populace, of life, and all along... will have helped work with inertia, and mass... to build up

agglomerations, of matter, called stars, planets, and immensely larger galactic structures, stirred into pin wheel shape, by a black hole... it's mass and rotation- inertia. So, but, desire, is really the key, isn't it... Desire, to live mortal existance, anew... the word 'Divininiere' means 'to become.' So it could be said, that, using a fifth dimensional method, of discernment... and divining, and perceiving, is akin to desire, and becoming. So, seeing, and perceiving, is believing . And believing, and becoming, I guess is the desire, which shapes, things in

this universe... Desire, believing and becoming, are an function, of perception. And human perception, can un-wrap this awesome wonder, within the 'living years...' that period, from birth, to death. And, isn't it, too, human perception which brings the elements, into harmonious relationships, and comes, in some instances, to be born, anew.

"Perhaps, there is but one life, which is the Universe itself, and its vital dynamic... infinite time. (The two are one, and give birth, to one another...)" When, one wishes, to

look within mind, heart, and imagination, for reference points, pertaining, unto his or her time, and place... past, present, and future, become an sort of free exchange, of the eternal, unchanging OM, the beingness, beyond, and behind, the living present... which surrounds, and underlays, the world of life, and living. Seeing this... blending, within this larger body, and 'higher mind,' is something like the highest aim, of mysticism. For, having a sense, of the one ground of being, eclipsing past, present,

and future... a soul is always returning, thereunto. Seeing, such a transcendant plane... learning, the differences, in living... the difference, between up, and down.. between forward, and backward... is akin to the goal. Such is an omni-directional sort of 'all-knowing,' within, and behind, the human panopoly, in general, and is independent, and free, from the human, earth-bound cosmos.... behind us. Above us. Around all life. And within an quantum, sort of omni-directional inner space, where there are very few

limitations. Such an 'all knowing,' is entirely independent, from the mortal coil... and ascends, bodily, into such rest, in death. So, from the slurry, sometimes the mish-mash, of Western culture....

medicine, science research, liberal arts, pop culture, discovery, and innovation, the present... and recent past, world of popular literature, I bring, at best, a cohesive essay, which I feel, can none the less, speak to the reader, today, in clear, and unambiguous voice, and progress, is accomplished... another page in a book. So, now, you can

see, a few of my ideas, on where, we come from... on how things come to be. So, I'll pass this little article along to yourself now. I hope someone has benefitted.

~

When, one hopes, to find better footing, for this, or any day, he can look, into the surface, of the blank page, over time... such can allow for understanding, to freely play, amongst. Without the insights, which can be gleaned, from comparative analysis, of new

writing, onto the page... he or she might would not know. So, looking within, tonight, is accomplished, mainly through, a sort of passive, reflective awareness... while surveying, past, present, and future... and, with an eye, to poetry.

I have found, many similitudes, amongst myself, and the peculiar, sometimes obtuse, or elliptical spheres, of modern poets. The language, within, is derivative, of an inter-subjectivity... of what might be styled, 'mind matters,' and proximal, human ethers... and these are commonly, within 'The

Journey of Art...' and seem, always, to be moving, away from, change, and chaos... into self-sufficiency, and stable waveforms... as if, being led, by the 'bit, in the mouth,' across ranges, which he or she is more or less familiar with.... and phenomenalism, is common, amongst some. I think our ancestral guidances, know just how, to get a descendant, back onto stable ground... through gradual processes... and I have often sensed, that going a distance, with another... can be like the allowing, and entertaining, of a new article,

essay, painting, or sketching, or  
piece of music, onto the page.

Reaching, within heart, and soul, of  
another, can hinge, upon a  
tangential, departure, from 'the  
given,' instead, looking close about  
oneself, into the commonplace...

while unfolding, along an  
'unspoken vernacular,' onto the  
page... allowing such to take on  
novel attributes, upon being  
expressed... (only infrequently, do  
we acknowledge, the  
commonplace, about  
ourselves... ) ...and thereby  
'allowing,' blessings, into our lives.

For, there are parts of our lives... perceptions, residing within ordinary fixtures, which would have much to speak, would there be occasion, presented. So, and would one querry, say, a tea kettle... well, wouldn't such, simply admonish, saying, 'Reside, only within the surety, of the known... the well-defined.' Looking within, the surface, of the empty page, tonight... I make efforts, to examine, the now... its heights, breadth, and depth... and, with an eye, unto the inventive, the novel. And isn't this a commonality,

amongst poets... the mind, can be seen, to be an cavern-like, rounded volume, of gray ethers... bringing together loose ends, can be done, through remembering, just what makes up, divination... such almost always, involves, a comparative analysis, of nearness, and distances... of warmth, and cold... of past, present... and future divinations... while making the bee-line, unto only freedom, and quietude. The alchemical process, is only natural... an allowance, of nature, to do her work... this is important, to see... (by this, I mean,

the keeping, only unto the still, the  
tranquil, the quiet..., emphasizing,  
these... rather, than any motions,  
towards chaos, or disorderliness,  
keeping always, 'the stable  
expression,' ones' foremost  
priority.)

## ECOLOGICAL CONCERNS

WHEN, ONE WISHES, to know  
more, about the present now, than  
can be gleaned, from surface  
appreciation... he or she might,  
look into the within... while

'inquiring of the beyond.' This can, with practice become such a great friend.. the ability, to discern, and perceive, just where he or she is at, spiritually.. such is not to be taken too lightly, nor traded, for anything.

So, and there are various directions, for discernment, in this writers' craft... one is familiar, with the kinds of verve, which guides the best ecstatic writing... and so, sizing things up, isn't too difficult. There's one really cardinal rule, in this path... 'If you feel good, you can do good.' So, starting out writing, is a matter, of 'following

ones' bliss...' While at times, ones' feelings are somewhat distracted, from real bliss, and contentment...

by way of the hearts' compass, guiding your writing stylus, you'll soon see the right path, for yourself. This is so important, to see, and understand, and just how much better, one can begin feeling... you can revolutionise, your own inner feelings, and emotions... simply by 'following your bliss.' You'll see, what I mean, when you imagine, the energy centers, within your soul, being like, blankets, for a baby... the

coarse blanket, or the cotton one...  
such is an all-important choice...  
which can make the difference  
between happy and crying. You'll  
see... feeling your way, around the  
energy centers, within heart and  
soul, allowing the colors, rhymes,  
and directions, within your skin-  
surface boundaries, (or hyper-  
cortex,) to gradually step, or walk,  
their way, from an acrid, or  
sacchrin, envelopment, to one of  
bliss, peace and light... one  
removes, then the filters, of  
animosity, and self-loathing...  
replacing them with the filters, of

truth, and light, and peace. This is accomplished, through putting ball point, unto the page... and just timidly, at first, the blind man, gradually feels his or her way, back unto wholeness: most any negative mood, can be uplifted. So, there's more to, this writing business, than meets the eye... your 'notebook' becomes your 'access panel,' unto your own higher mind, and collective soul. Writing, is essentially, 'self-maintainance,' as feelings, and moods, tend to vary from day to day... the art of writing, is the philosophers' stone... an

'elesyial field," of ever-perfecting, constantly changing, heavenly forms... finding such, for myself, has always been journeys' end. So, arriving, gradually, at a place, of better quality bliss, and contentment, one then, can see, so many more choices.. as this, is just the stepping, from a place, of limited consciousness, unto a place, of more infinite possibilities... the writing, you'll find, takes on a much greater fullness, and plenty.

Now, choosing symbols, and glyphs, becomes easier, as your stylus begins to write, of it's own

accord, and words simply flow, from within, onto the page. Now, you see, how the writers' mind, is a lot like a computer... with such less load, and strain, upon the central processing unit, performance increases exponentially... more is accomplished. One of the main obstacles, to blissful consciousness, in todays' world, I think, is akin, to our own self-imposed alienation, from the God-given wholesomeness, and wellbeing, with the planet... based upon a perceived, set of inequities... within the natural ecological symbiots,

with ourselves... our relationships, and ranges of choices, with respects, unto the ordinary animal and plant-life fabric, about our houses, and working environments.

If you've ever looked, at the environmental, and conservationist debates, you'll hear the voices of groups... groups, like National Humane Society, Arbor Society, Greenpeace, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, or P.E.T.A., and the Audobon Society... there are many environmental concerns. We have just got, to better understand, our

relationships, and connections, with these gentle cousins, in the animal kingdom, and treat all life, humanely, and ethically. There were three or more serious oil spills, into the natural environment, this past year alone...

and an ongoing radioactive contaminate issue, in Japan, leaking into the ocean, off that island nation. These outstanding issues, including the Deepwater Horizon oil rig spill disaster, in the Gulf of Mexico, have just left, myself as a writers voice, to these concerns... and ways I might

encourage, the raising and bringing up of our children, in consciousness and knowledge, of the many natural habitats, and symbiots, we share, within the natural world. (And these ecological disasters, I've listed, have all involved, mankinds' pollution... leaking into the water. Water, for an animal, is like unto, our human circulatory system ... and respiration systems within ourselves... so this would be like an contaminated intra- venous drip, drip, into an needle in our arm . )

So these animals, which we

sometimes hear, screeching, hooting, and cawing, about our houses, are certainly expressing, discontent, or discomfort... (we think we feel impinged upon, by this talk of these ecological disasters... imagine , how wetland birds, or aquatic life, feels.... threatened, on a more basic level.)

As wild animals, are almost entirely unprotected, from weather, such as precipitation, and almost have got to always eat unprepared, and uncooked grains, nuts, berries, and insects... having no fire, nor inclination to cook... their sense, of

an impenging, intruding, polluting humanity, must at times be great.

So, it's with these thoughts, that I pass along this article... and with hopes, we all might resolve, these questings, within our own living... and too, expect all those about, to sense, our renewed selfrespect, and virtues, as can be found, through 'green' living. When sometimes, one feels, somewhat overwhelmed,

or underwhelmed... by extraneous, or external events, and information, he or she, might want to just 'go the distance,' within the small things... without allowing

himself to suffer, nor letting himself get tripped up upon common stressors, and stumbling blocks. Through simply, living, and increasing, in knowledge, and faith, of only those things, within his or her existance, he feels most sure

of... we can wholly avoid, any misteps whatsoever, and continue, in the aims, of self-perfection, and obedience. When, at last, I have a go at 'stream-of-consciousness,' type writing... I may, make a false start, or two, along the way, unto an quality expression. Taking each step as it comes, carefully

discarding, all but the most chosen expressions, I can gradually, begin to work with, what might at first, seem to be but a mire, of surface, and sub-surface impressions, and reflections... working with them, bringing unto life, my own higher mind, and consciousness.

Refraining, hopefully from reacting outwardly, upon any perceived, or mis-perceived threat, or impengement... which would probably only confuse, and confound myself... through the 'doing of everything, as you would ordinarily,' one might transcend, the

stressful chapters, that may come. I need to know myself, and have some established norms, about my living, or I may find myself distracted, unnecessarily. Through 'knowing the constant,' I'll also have reference points, useful in sizing up this or another day. Here's something, for you to think upon: how ever could this be? Our earthly cosmos, could be, but that which swims, within the reflected light image, upon the surface, of a pond... this can be, a way of revealing natures... but seeing this, and thereby, how the material

world may hinge, partly upon someones' perception, therof... I guess, mostly, one is grateful for waking conscious awareness... the images, which play within eyesight, and hearing, and my other senses, and everything about me.'When, one hopes, to express, the simple truths... in the subtle turn of phrase, and the logic of the night...' he or she, might go unto the page, and with a clarity, and a surety, begin to 'flesh out,' a new written article, or paragraph. How best, to go about the writing process, is clear enough, as one has an 'stable

perch,' from which to launch, a dance. Knowing the 'lasting peace,' one elaborates, upon 'that which is already.' "I drift, and am moved by currents, within small circular swooshes, as this aquaeous matrix stirs, first to the right, then the left... lifting myself, shifting my center, both up and down." When, the quality of light, present within ones' inner soul, and surroundings, is bright enough... one finds, that the 'common stressors, and stumbling blocks,' have but a small effect... and that all of living, is so much easier, and simpler. One

simply transcends, the little aches and pains, which otherwise, can add up, to discomfort. So, it's not too hard, to see, how context... the time, one is within... is everything.

When the collective struggles, pass... and much greater oneness, and unanimity prevail... everything within simple living, tends to prove easier. We sometimes, live burdened, by strife, and sickness, in distant lands, and distant personas... and things take patience, to clarify, or right themselves... but time heals, and one indeed finds, muddy pool, returning unto clarity.

'Another idea, which has recently occurred to myself, is of a sort of 'depth perception,' we can learn... knowing how time itself, is the continuum, within which we are grounded... we can leave open, thoughts of future times... and, the past lives, in history... while, there is 'nothing new under the sun,' we have to continually put effort forth, today... to ensure, having a quality future, tomorrow. The future, can spiral, downwards, to catastrophe, or rise, above limitations, to great heights... we decide... today. My mind, is the

medium, through which my future, arises. Being a 'dweller on the threshold...' "There's a perception, a sense of being, at 'the gates of the sea...', where present times, leave out, from journeys, over the continents, through the mouth of the river, out into the vast ocean.

This, too, might be where a lighthouse, is found. It's a place, like this, where I see myself, today."

## **ANALOGUES FOR GOD**

**AS ONE SITS DOWN,** to look

within, he or she places a few words, upon stream-of-consciousness pages. Through the feeling, and experiencing, of these first few words... and comparing now, with times before... one can see, the portent, or quality, of the present, is better, or more conducive, to writing, or less.

Tonight, my ball-point pen moves down my page... and I'm conscious of the great ease, and fluent grace, of my writers' mind, and media. My pen dances, in the transcribing, and downlinking, of these thoughts, onto my page. Without

the external media... my writers' mind, would find, no revelation... no outlet... no venue. So, I cherish, this time. In finding, internal honesty, and writing, as an sort of direct outpouring, of my spiritual being, onto the page, I ponder, over structure, and architecture, for this writing. I have been thinking, on how the 'writers burden,' or 'yoke,' or 'harness,' might be easier, one day, or more the next... when the rain, is pelting down, and the wind is whipping around... and cold droplets of rainwater, dripping down my shirt, and off of tip of my

nose... well, that's a light load, indeed. But even I can easily see, how my own burden, can't be any greater, or heavier, than was the Saviors', so long ago. So, it can't be

too bad. This is a good comparison, to make, and see... the Maitrea, wouldn't have complained, and been ill... How much less, then should I? So, see? An perceptual shift, and much easier walking, comes forth. I often wonder, how I might best reach my reader... within reassurance, and comfort. Remembering, the simple adage, 'As above, so below,' I can easily see,

how the vast, and infinite cosmos,  
about our planet, Earth, is like unto  
'the Mind of God...'or 'God's  
Kingdom...' and the Earth, beneath  
our feet, being a pocket of air,  
ground, and water, floating here...

an heaven, of green, and blue,  
situated within, a pure sort of land,  
of geometries, and pure forms... is  
like unto, our 'ideal dancing  
ground,' or 'elesyium.' It's true,  
how the vaccuum, of empty space,  
is largely weightlessness, which  
allows masses, once set in motion,  
to travel, an infinite distance... and  
other such universal constants, as

the speed of light, and the doppler effect, which a scientist knows, can be seen, as signifying, the speed of advancing, or receeding electromagnetic waves... helping earthlings, with frame, and perspective... So, it seems, to myself, that the human mind, somewhat emulates, this heavenly relationship... the mind, is a land of pure forms, or archetypes.... and of 'universal constants,' and principles, also... as can be found, within logic, and philosophy, through self analysis... but such is dimensionless. The spatial

reference points, are all within our  
human forms, and perceptual  
faculty, and neural net... and the  
world of 'conscious waking life,'  
here...

empty visual mindsphere, about  
ourselves, has just no spatial  
dimensions... nearness, and  
distance... up and down... are more  
or less relative, or even  
meaningless... only abstract  
concepts. It's the physical realm,  
which lends, unto consciousness,  
its character... this is like an overlay,  
or interplay, within the  
dimensionless mind... 'the wind,

beneath, the eagles wings,' or the 'soul, within the machine.' So, within the mind, (as well as, perhaps, within outer space...) all points, are more or less equally, related. Near, is far... up, is more or less equivelant, to down... the twain, are different, only in relationship, unto the living. 'Becoming real party, to the evolving spheres, of the Universe,' is an attainable goal...

This then, is why I write...

Knowing, when the moment, has arisen, for writing, can be equated, to the purpose, of my ordinary life . Would one 'miss ones' turn,' or fail

to grasp, individual empowerment,  
as the moment becomes apparent...

he or she becomes restless, and  
dissatisfied, or disillusioned... so,  
one clings, tightly, unto his or her  
writing artform. So, knowing,  
these things... and just how great, is  
the distance, between 'eh,' and 'oh...'

...these things, my inwardly  
perceptions, tend to allow. As my  
writers' mind, sees similarities, in  
things... I write, or express, these  
thought forms, outwardly. In  
translating, from the  
dimensionless, unto the real, one  
wants mostly, to stay near, ones'

root, or home... for the human mind, sees and knows, along human, ways, only... but only a human perception, can shed light, upon empty space. As the mind, within, is an anchor... the spatial metrics about, ourselves, then, are the tossing, churning waters, of a tumultuous sea... 'Time tells no secrets...;' it really takes a mortal soul, to shed light, into the potrys, the harmonies, of the two... figment, and dense... together, as one. When one wishes, to tune into his or her, collective imaginings... and answer, unto his souls' better

callings... he or she travels a distance, within 'primal non-doing,' before even setting out, upon a writing session. The ideal time for writing, in my view, comes, and the person feels, a sort of sense of powerlessness, in the face of higher natural forces, all around. Then, just as it seems control, in the physical realm, is slipping away... he or she picks up a ballpoint pen and paper, noticing, the sort of feather-weight lightness, of the stylus, and the sense of command, over the media, which he or she feels. Upon placing a few 'starting

'thoughts,' upon the page... the writer realizes, then, that 'the light,' is found, most fully within... and with it, an heightened sense of flexibility, within the boundaries, and a freedom. It is so commonly, in stepping, into an limited realm, like that of literature, onto the page, that the days' quarrels, and gripes, bumps, and bruises, and aches and pains, fall away, as the writer locates, a field... a set area, within which he or she can excell. So, then one realizes, 'this present eleysium, is completely satisfactory...' striving, and

grasping, gives way to adeptness... and he or she fulfills, his earthly ambitions, for a 'pure expression.' Now, when a person is writing... he or she, references 'the timeless...' in conversation, he or she expresses, common sense. In so much, as those about, are able to fully understand, that which is being said, so the art upon the page, remains un-troubled, and purposeful. While, ups and downs, are a part of living, through 'always returning...' the intellectual discussion, can yet remain, unbiased, and neutral, and good

work is accomplished.

This is an important insight, to grasp, and take hold of... the writer, is sincere, and nonjudgmental, when his community, is faithful... the writer is also sincere, and non-judgmental, when his or her community, is not faithful.

Regardless, of ones' 'present state of affairs,' he or she speaks genuinely, and authentically, onto the page, and thereby ensures the integrity, of the whole group. So, if you wonder, how we are able, to see beyond, the present now... simply by going unto the page, with

clarity and surety, the future, comes readily, into view... and remains aligned in principal, with the writers' perspective. So, can you see, how doors, sometimes remain closed... until they are opened? This is the simple thought, which I might suggest... in illumining, of the future, can we peer into the heart, of our human dilemmas? Perhaps, by way of our hearts' compass, might we be brought out of our complacency, and stagnation... and into the promises, of atonement? There was a story, from many, many years

ago, of an 'first Christmas...' might we allow, ourselves, freedom to experience all anew, and with wonder, of 'all which was yet to be.'

My grandmother, showed me something, once, I'll always remember: 'The future is all around ourselves.. that which one chooses, are the gospels, according to you.' So, let us choose, only according to the dances, of friendship, and forgiveness.. and innocence. Should we believe, upon a beacon, or light source, in the early times.. might we remain triumphant, and allow only the

'pages, of the highest' to express throughout ourselves. I so love, this thought... which has long served, as guidance, to travelers, and the home-sick, as well...

'Coming back, from a long, long journey... with a brand new song...' unto the place, of origin... time and time again, I lack not, in gladness, for the abundant mystery... and 'all which is known...' these are our joyous tidings, unto the host, gathered round about. So, I'll follow the sun. For those, time-ravaged, souls, who feel bad, whom simply cry too much, wholeness,

and virtue, are the ways, through which longevity, is mediated. Have you ever seen, then how, ones' inner perceptual pallatte, is a loom... drawing through itself, the news, of distant fray, and recorded crashing waves... weaving the two, into the distinct third... the enduring tapestry... within which all is enfolded, and inter-joined, within unanimity?

Perceiving, this outcome regularly, one is able, also to annotate, and illuminate, the travels, and journey work, of our lives, upon this inter-reflective language ocean... within,

its vastness, and solitude.  
Sustenance... life-blood...  
nurturance... and comfort... these,  
are the faithful words, upon my  
pages. So, sending praises unto  
heaven, and to all those about, I  
pass along this article, unto  
yourself, tonight.

## **SEASONAL TRANSITIONS**

"WHEN ONE SETS ABOUT, to look  
within, upon a fifth dimensional  
narrative, onto the page... many,  
many paths, or directions may be

taken. Frequently, one will look back in amazement, upon the words which have formed themselves... seemingly of their own accord." Knowing what I know, about the mind, and imagination, allows me to see, that I really don't know much about soothsaying, or prediction, at all... there's simply far too many illusory phenomena, within my mind... for me to rule out, or pin down, any expectations. I guess, also I can remember, how my mind, is so like an internal weather vane, which shows fluctuating directions, and

trends... but I guess, mainly tonight, I look for a greater knowing, or knowledge... or less. So, sometimes, there might be an sort of overwhelmed, or underwhelmed, effect, I feel... or alternatively, a more of a surety, and decision. So, do things appear clear, today... or less? That which is relevant... or a lot less relevant, to myself, on the whole. And, then there's those sessions, when my inner psychical dimension, is tumultuous, for a while... but then, I don't much care, how my mind is, at the moment... or the reasons, for

the turbulence, are apparent, or evident. Or readily clearing up. Or, I'm simply getting from point 'A' to point 'B'. So, there. I guess, that's my neuro - sensory worldview, in a nutshell. So, if you have ever wondered, how works, of literature, or artwork, music, or cinema, find such full expression, well, then, just think of how, the ordinary reactions, unto, and interactions, within ones feelings, and impressions... can further one into more of a fullness, of verbal interaction... in other words, ones' writing, may be largely comprised,

of the writers' reactions unto, and interactions within, the psychical impengement, how ever he or she finds it. Everything from the common stressors, to the bigger, stressors, in ones life... all can be seen, as impetus, to writing, or creating.. or communicating, in general. Writers, will write... you see, this is how early role-modeling, can benefit a person, later in life... and reason, enough, as to why the arts, and crafts tend to be found, within families... and are commonly handed down, from father, or mother.. or uncle.. unto

the youth. So there, then... just some thoughts, upon my pages. When I want to know more, about my present picture... my collective now, into my future... I can grasp ball-point pen, and paper, and look within. For a nice model, of the mind-brain relationship... I at times, can see, my mind, within a room, say, as a sort of spherical unit... where the material world, about, is like the surface, or crust of a planet... with successive layers, reaching inward, like layers of a planet... crust, mantle, and so inward, to a dense inner core . I

guess, it's never right, or true, to find that figmentary, or un-real effects, in living should really be given undue importance... but I've

just found, so much, that the individuals' within a group, such as a family, will share, and exchange, strong vibrational connections, as living is experienced, as an union, amongst communication modes,

of the 'third kind,' or an inter-subjective sort of english prime.

So, motherhood, or fatherhood, naturally includes, at least some knowledge, of these things... these are the mete, and mettle, of myth,

and rite. So, writing, artwork, music, or cinema, or most any subjective, sort of handiwork, or product, can evoke, at times, mythic reactions... to an extent... as times, are always changing, or shifting, somewhere, most any sort of quality, can apply, or be seen, as pertainant - these are things, that can be found. What does the word subjective mean? Contrasted, with the more objective or empirical experiences, one can see that when, there sometimes are contextual matters... pretense, and pretext... which, right or wrong, are seen,

alongside, or around a thing, or idea... a CD player, is useful, only seen in light of CDs, and audio recording, in general... and is entirely dependent, upon diode lasers, transducer sound reproduction, and electrical conductivity, and a power source. So, when we see, Christendoms' antidote, unto the 'Dark Ages,' might well have been the printing press... and which thereby allowed mass marketing, and mass communication, in general, to give rise unto our industrialized civilization, as we know it... the

question becomes, 'Which came first - the chicken or the egg?'

Which came first... the mental, or spirit phenomena, or the written essay, or book? Maybe, it could simply be said, such an overall or generalized idea, as this: "As the weather, on the planet, here, is subject to change, and shows varied ranges, and extremes... so the bi-peds, we are, and other animals, tend to react, unto phenomena, in benign, or less benign ways..." such as writing, or music." (Weather extremes, can be hazardous to the living, as my town

here found this past spring, when a deadly cluster of tornados, obliterated a wide swath, of homes and businesses, right back down along our road. So, you can see, the sort of gravity, we associate with weather, in our minds. An example, of how human perceptions, and experience, tend to lead thought and opinion, to waver, at times... feeling doubt... fear... and even distrust, of nature.) When one wishes, to look beneath, the surface layers, of the now... he or she, should have ball-point pen, and paper handy. Looking within,

is usually deferred, until such future time, as when words will readily come. So, writing, this morning, is really a spin-off, of my overflowing, billowing consciousness. "My cup runneth over," being the expression, which fits, most easily. So, looking back, over this article composed over this, the first really cold night, we've had, here in the southeast... this winter... I reside, in the surety, of at least a few good ideas, on the page, and an remembrance, of how weather transitions, can both 1) produce psychical effects, and 2)

stimulate creativity... in most anyone. Here's the gist... this graceful, autumn-winter transition, can at times bring on excesses of nervous energy, (as can any weather transition, especially, as it is seen, that profound experiences, and losses, have occurred, with recent memory...) and can produce vast experiential ranges... (and so, too, can future expectations, and feelings, be colored, or affected, by news... such as of global warming, talk of excessive ice and snow... climate change... environmental pollution... However

inevitable, such changes may be, humans, are pretty good at adapting, and transforming, the world about themselves, and taking shelter... and so the negatives, can only be so bad.) So, then, this is the positive outlook... 'We'll adapt. ' So, I pass along, this article to yourself, now.

~

When one wishes, to know, more about the present, than can be gleaned from surface appearances, he or she will, if so inclined, return

to the blank page, and begin to look, within its expanse. "I am sure, that there is new writing, beneath the surface, tonight... my hope, is that I can bring it to light."

Anyways, placing a few words, upon the page, almost always, has a way of fermenting, a complete, or more complete essay. When one wishes, to look within... he or she might just pick up a stylus, and from a place of innocence, and wonder, place a few words, in preliminary form, upon the page. Sitting, then, with these first few starting thoughts, upon the page...

additional thoughts, and expressions, will begin coming to mind... and within the space, of an evening... a new article, or essay comes forth. This process, is revelatory, of the writers', past-present-future selfimage, and his or her sense of wisdom, and writ, and imagination. The writers' eye, for poetry, and style, is readily apparent, as he or she is able to attune unto an insightful, or stimulating article, which captivates the readers' attention... and, sheds light, upon his or her, 'future reflection.' Writing, to

myself, is basically, an sort of simple, or more elaborate, sign-reading... in the following, of the distinctions amongst, his or her 'collective now...' the 'yeas,' and 'nays,' of the contemporary culture, about... and degrees, or mixtures, or blends, of such... like feelings, or vibes... expressing such, in a personalized flowing, remaining attuned, to within him or herself...

and unto the subtle air composition, in the spaces, about himself... writer, is able, to portray him or herself, in an honest way.

The writers' real artform

expression, comes within an sort of impressionistic wash, of imagistic colorings... lending a sense, of atmosphere, an mood, or sense of rhythm, or rhyme... like unto alliteration. So, reading, an environment, for subtle signifiers, as to the directions, and answers, being shown, for each successive phrase, or sentence, in its turn... this lets, the writer, match, or come up to, his or her context .

Arranging, sequentially... lines of thought... first one, then the next, just beneath it... one gradually creates, an 'linear relational image,'

of the 'spiritual ethos,' of his or her present now. My 'writers' journey,' as I recollect it... is an pretty close allegory, to the journey, of my years. Finding, a place of completion, within my own spirit guidance, and inspiration, can be likened unto, the authoring, or inking, of an new article, or essay, or divination. In as much, as I am content, and happy, with my finished writing... so I feel, at ease within my larger picture... my higher mind, and greater self-hood.

So, see? Writing, is an representational micro-cosm, of my

life, as a whole. So, remembering, to resource, the 'full spectrum,' of linguistic, and imagistic representational references... can let my life, dwell within, or inhabit, greater balance, harmony, and equanimity, amongst 'self,' and 'higher selves....' and quality literature, comes forth. So, for myself, my hobby, or craft, is given equal or no lesser weight, or importance, as to any other area of my living... all are equal. They, are intertwined, and inseparable... being but different facets, of the same jemstone. Knowing how, the

light, is only the light, as an corollary, unto, or in relationship, with, the dark... 'when all the world, recognises beauty as beauty... this is in itself ugliness. -Lao Tzu So, keeping, things simple, I find, my truth-telling sense, to be like unto, an color-wheel, showing primary colors... each color, representing, an different perspective, or view, upon the topic at hand... like a group, of three or four 'ancients...' each sounding, in his or her turn, an unique side, or facet, unto the same picture... from within, his or her distinct lineage, and background,

and experiences. So, gradually progressing, down the page... is an sort of arriving, upon an series, of understandings... resolutions, and findings... reflections, upon 'the Deity.' While, the view, of one sage, or the next, gives but an limited picture... seen together, and understood, as like unto a flowing, down the page... the reader takes away, an pretty good likeness, or image, of the 'entire self...' distinct parts,' as well as 'the whole.' So, 'dreaming, my dream into the future,' involves, a turning, of the wheel... for myself. I find it easiest,

to ensure, the future integrity,  
within my life, when no one single  
voice, is given undue sway, and say.  
Instead, keeping the feel uniform,  
and diversified... and refraining,  
from bias, or selfloathing, I  
illuminate, 'the true nature .' So,  
yet holding unto the feminine, role,  
in writing, 'playing the shadows,'  
and being 'like water,' means, or  
translates unto, a thorough,  
penetrative essay, or article... just  
letting things be, and allowing only  
that which is there, already. When,  
I don't always know, into just which  
direction, or angle to fathom,

through a passivity, and patience...  
and a decisiveness... one can  
remain, well above the cloud tops.  
In so much, as I myself, feel I have  
accomplished good work, and have  
gained... so my real-world gain,  
takes on meaning, and  
significance, unto myself, and for  
those about. So, here I sit, with an  
skywatching guide, upon my lap...  
sky charts, constellations, compass  
points, and signs of the zodiac... are  
shown within, in factual reference  
illustrations. Now, 'as above, so  
below,' takes on unique  
significance, as I simply receive,

this article, from 'upon high.' If you wonder, or ponder, as to how, might you succeed, in this life... simply through keeping informed, as to the natural world, about, yourself, and physical sciences... the one who would but try, may find very pure and idealistic, topics, and themes, coming forth. For myself, it is really of more, or of greater importance, unto myself... to give, unto the writing... no super-imposed structure, or form... of greater value, to myself, is the residing below, or beneath, the level of externalized expression...

'zoning out...' 'awaiting guidance...' passing lengths, of time gracefully, and patiently, is the key, unto the well-meaning essay... allowing, thoughtful literature, to take shape.

This is enabled, through cheerily, waiting, and watching... for new language symbols, to make themselves known, and settling, then onto the page, from within future times; new writing, takes shape. Makers, and builders, enjoy substantial benefits, and rewards.

However, in a culture, of consumers, the creative spirit, sometimes becomes overlooked, or

discarded, as unwanted, or low in status. It can call for compassion, as there will be those times, when the writer, or musicmaker, or visual artist, has not the strength, to 'rise above,' the challenges, that may come. Our technological machines, such as computers, have made creative roles, much, much simpler, in recent years. Instantly duplicating, or processing, documents of information, that in 'days of yore,' would have taken batallions of scribes many months, or years, to complete... and all with few or zero errors... you can see,

such power, and great fluency, requisites, or calls forth, great skill, and self-responsibility. 'Life, is for, the living,' and 'the living,' are mostly the younger folk... those just beginning, journeys, of adulthoood. There is a kind of divinity, in youth and innocence, which the old, or the tired, or the time-ravaged, must somehow re-learn, and through the cycles, of 're-birth, within brighter future,' anyone can 'begin again.' For, 'the sun rises anew, upon each brilliant morning...' knowing to access, this truth, and not becoming, a prisoner, unto the

past... is of great importance.

2012

## WHO AM I?

'IN WONDERING, WHO THEMSELVES ARE, ascertainment can always be gained, by the conjuring of an innocent, natural flowing, onto the written page.' So, to know, of ones 'future reflection,' one should interact, with another kind soul, or within art process, or media of any kind. Words, will tend to flow outward, when one has

established, a rythym of practice, within a writing path... and most any sort of self-expression, becomes revelatory, of that which resides, within the future now. Simply, by peering beneath, first one surface layer, and then the next, one might perhaps, glean some insight, into his or her 'future reflection.' Without 'going the distance,' and testing about, upon the written media, one wouldn't, really have understanding, as to what, his or her future holds. So, but through, a dialogue, with the empty page... the ancestors... one

can really open up his or her treasure-trove, of acquired wisdoms. Seeing, then the right path, to take, onto the media, he finds, also, his or her writing craft, is rewarding. So, to write, in any modality, is to look within, heart and mind. As the matrix, about oneself, the 'subspace fabric,' reflects upon that which is within the local culture... as well as showing past-present-future relationships... one might, perhaps help unbind, these expressions, playing about the boundaries, of consciousness, through the vehicle,

and admission, of music... just choose, that which you like. So, I may not always understand, quite what the surface appearances signify, to me, I can somehow forgive, and allow, a few simple words, onto my page... and then, just allow a little nature, to do her work. My first few 'starting thoughts,' in the present newness, seem, to bring along, also, additional thoughts, onto my page... the allowance, of nature, is such that, only the right follow-up words, are given... nothing more. So, to me, writing can often be like

alchemy. Nature improves nature...

nature perfects nature. Present chemistry, can be like a picture, which migrates, more or less as an organism, while retaining its coherency, and physical attributes.

So, to let alchemical processes, begin to work, upon a thing, gives positive results... and ones' entire

being, progresses and arrives, within the future, intact. If this implies, the raising, of ones' nose, and leading edge, out of the mud, where the past has stuck oneself... then, writing, in this modality, is rewarding. When, one wishes, to

look within heart, soul, and imagination, for answers, pertaining unto his or her 'space-time relationship,' he or she, might just look into the surface, of the empty page, and with perspective, then return, gradually, unto wholeness. So, here I find, myself, again... peering within, the progressive pages... as I might would allow, them to express themselves, afore myself. And, which direction, then, to look into, is simply shown, by the putting, of my pen, unto my page. Seeing, then what comes, is allowed,

through my initial words, and little more need be done, than following, these words, down the page. So, and with a bit of patience, and a sure inner guidance, one should, be able to look back, then upon a new written essay... one which encapsulates, for the writer, his or her present sense of perspective, and flow, and which sheds light into future perspectives, and light reflection. It's in the billowing, expanding, flow of space-time, up and outward, from each singular point... that a new 'artform expression,' is allowed, to take

shape, upon the page. But, this can only happen, when will is present...

will to try for oneself. Will, and desire, being the sort of spiritual catharsis, through which the world we know, comes into being. When

I were in my early years, as a child... my desire was such that, my immature efforts, at writing, and art... producing such imperfection...

tended to create only a great frustration, and discontent; the dead-end streets, were far too many, for myself, to have been satisfied, with myself, within my living. So, I lived with frustration,

and insecurity. But I eventually learned, to minimize, and to choose wisely, and so gradually perfected, my craft. It was the 'little victories,' which I could find, all along, which

sustained my willingness, to pursue art, music, and writing... Our failures, make us strong, as well, and wise. I think, that I've learned, so much from my failures... in an ongoing, evolving, sort of way... it has been my accidents, which have schooled, myself, all along. And knowing this, lets me embrace, my flaws, choosing them, at times, to become

part of my poetic process. So, here you will find, a representation of my evolving, progressing now, as I will allow it to be expressed.

Having seen much, of ranges of dark, and light, in recent years... the arts and sciences, as I see them, 'push on, despite blackest critiques, and superstition.' None the less, I will always, be excited by the prospects, of new writing, or music... to myself, such has intrinsic value, which only transcends, cultural prejudice, or stigma. See? Would, my endurance have been short, in this...

I would have called the whole thing off, years ago. But my land, holds such high ideals, which, I feel, will always have a place, for the written word, and music. These are things, I have found. When I go unto the blank page, in writing, I am stopping... peering within, my heart and soul... reevaluating, and then expressing, in light of the present chemistry. In illumining, of my future reflection, how might, I go the distance, to arrive upon, the know-how, which can reveal, the best possible future reflection?

Questions such as these, can

usually be answered, by going firstly unto ones 'relationship...' within the blank page, for instance... which can be thought of as like unto an 'muse,' or 'inspiration.' Since, the inventions, of printing, photography, and sound recording, those of the present, may well have a fairly intact picture, of those, whom have gone before... a sort of an 'escape club,' of shared beingness, and wholeness, one amongst the other... the past, with the present; the internet, has enhanced, so much, this connection, unto the past, and

with an vast archive of printed  
lore... scripture, literature, narrative  
accounts, and pictorial  
representation, of archaeological  
relics, temples, art, and tools... the  
past is very much alive today. So,  
with good ties unto the past, we  
formulate our future outlook. So  
let us not become so enthralled, by  
recorded past history, that we  
become prisoners, unto our own  
technology... but, let us learn, to  
reinterpret, the good lessons in  
living, which the study, of history,  
can give. The past is nothing, if  
not full of lessons, which

perceptions, can reveal, if seen in light, of collective consciousness.

Things in this good Earth, are seen... perceptions, enduring over antiquity... let the present pictures, be seen, not with fleshly, limited perceptions, but look instead, within the pages, extant everywhere, upon the surfaces, and inner knowing, of the collective soul. This is the heart, and soul, of the past... and being honest, and realistic, amongst oneself, and others, will readily reveal, that which was, and is, and will be. I think, that only through the

applying of ones own unique perspective, and slant, onto history, will it truthfully reveal its most well-kept secrets. So many folks in todays world, are just like consumers, whom dwell in time, without developing unique personal character overview, and analysis skills... which an experienced writer, can show. See, and it's our own take, on things, in this world, which can reveal honest observations, and relationships... but this requires, extensive study upon conventions, and standards, in general, and ones own views...

and, just how are things seen, in todays world? And how does that recorded past relate specifically unto ourselves? So, with thoughts like these, I adventure, onto my printed page. And, then to look back, gives faith, hope, promise.. or it gives back nothing. So, in thinking of thoughts, such as these, I can readily see, such a great abundance, of inner spiritual light, within my upper eyesight, and higher consciousness.. and recognizing, now, how this new consciousness, of an new year, and time, flows wherever two or more

are gathered... wherever love  
shines, her lamp, of truth and  
knowledge... and tender green  
buds, burst forth, from stem tip.  
Seeing this way, comes through  
passage of time, and endures over  
time, and across the seasons. So,  
these are the inner ranges, this day.  
How hopeful, too, in considering,  
the surety, of each bright day...  
while there will be those, which  
dwell, within narrowest of  
construments, and derivations...  
surely, those such as ourselves, are  
shown, the light of the Spirit, in  
worldly environs, and so thereby,

gain some entrance, into forever. For it is within the 'mill of heaven,' that such flour is ground... and sifting then downwards, unto ourselves, we formulate our outlook, which will endure the years. But, drifting downward, from the largesse of such writing as this... and being attentive, unto the small light reflection, which when seen with practicability, and patience, can readily become, an foray, into the village, for those needs, which will become easily met, in the future. So, another year, has come and gone... and for

those still with the present, onward travel is easy, as the positive new agreements, of the time are seen, and find fulfillment. 'For what is a life, but what one makes it, in spite of the world, and its distances.'

These are the words, of an re-greening... an upwelling, in the Winter of a time, speaking forward, outward, and upward, unto the Spring, the Summer... the Fall, and yet another Winter... to begin again.

Oh, this is a good one.

'I'm going to plant one seed, and let it grow, all of my days.' And carry on. Hopefully, you will also.

# HUMAN NATURE: FALLIBLE

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO KNOW MORE, about the ongoings, and so forth, which can be found, within ones' past-present-future matrix... and, to generally 'get the feel,' for where 'things are going,' and what 'sorts of effects...' he or she can, or will probably encounter... from time to time... well, then within his or her mind, over time, or at some point in the future, he can access

the empty page, of a word processor, for instance... while peering within, into his or her single-point of consciousness.

Proportional, to how well, and the duration, at which he can stay within, in quietude, and find words, and paragraphs, taking shape, upon his or her page, from through his fingertips, upon his keyboard... so he should, be able to size up, the ranges, and outlook, from his present now, into his or her future.

I have been reminded, several times, over the past month or so... how human nature, is highly

fallible. We're like imperfect gemstones... in this sense: Our make-up, is usually subject, to the 'wafting gale,' like the summer zepheyr... the slightest breeze, or gust of wind, can sometimes drastically alter, or amend, our path... our talk, and conversation. This is just an example, of this of which I speak... Like the puppet, being pulled by strings... so we must go this way, and that. As another metaphor: 'like the night cafe moth... who is drawn to any light source, and, therefore simply flys right into a gas lamp... not

making the connection, that such behavior surely spells its own demise. How are we people, like this simple moth? It's simple... for those whom have lived long enough, in life on Earth... you simply realize, and recognize, that our own selves, are sometimes our own worst enemies... as the moth is drawn unto the light... so bright lights, to the human, can attract the minds' eye, and subconscious psyche... and even lead, us unto, the tendency, to point out unto, or project onto those around ourselves, our worst character

traits, and fears, like an externalization, of our pain and fears, onto others. And, this, in essence, is the reason why, we must bring from within ourselves, the inner guidance, to properly know, good from bad... up from down... because, although human will, and desire, can be as strong and sturdy as tempered iron, over time... and great struggles, and obstacles, can be met, and overcome... as in the case, of when ones' nation goes to war, and the nation must be victorious... those involved, in the conflict itself, often have had to

possess nerves of steel, to ride into battle, and stare down bullets, and artillery, and brave mine fields, and aerial bombardment. But then,

the rigid battlefield soldier, commanding his unit... in showing bravery and valor in battle... has, also, to be highly discerning... in choosing his or her actions... what kind, and to what extent... on the battlefield... but no more so, really... nor less so... than in the real games of life... during times, of 'peace,' on the home front . For, having served his or her tour of duty, the veteren, or public servant, or

citizen, has, somewhere... at some time, through wrong action, or inaction, or omission on some level... or in abusive way, or situation, such as in the case of drunken driving, or child abuse... or harassment, on the workplace level... slipped, or been mistaken, in judgment, or discernment... and fallen astray... or in, say, such phenomena, as the prankster archetype... which, can in some cases, lead to exponential pain, as in the instance, say, of 'not having known, that ones' gun was loaded, and shooting ones' living partner,

in the head... in pranking... only to then turn the weapon, promptly against his or her own self.' Such as this, sometimes affects, then even more lives... leading to mental illness, and substance abuse, say, in the life of the poor parent, or commanding officer, who maybe failed, on some level, to instill thorough, measured respect, for all weapons... and never to horse around, with a weapon... or even in 'jest,' point a toy gun, at an officer of the law. How many lives could truely be saved, if we could somehow instill adult rules, values,

and priorities, and protocol... sometimes learned only through experience...in the nineteen year old heart... how many could we save? So, these thoughts, are on my mind, tonight, and as I scan back over these words, now... I wonder, how will I ever find the discernment... to, rather than negatively accusing, the powers that be... understand, that times of seismic, or tectonic stress and strain... as in these times of crustal plates, of the earth, shifting, settling, or slipping, or otherwise moving... reactions, and responses,

and such effects as habits, and cravings... can flare up, or become dislodged, and affect the person, or those around him or herself.. and similarly, within our own human culture, as maybe risque topics and themes, or in the publication of non-mature, or 'terma,' literature, as is called in Buddhism... how many opening days, have 'broken bad...' as it's indeed true, that serious literature, in the arts, or spiritual traditions, or more worldly productions... any such work for publication, may be the result of work... which is more, or

less, done by seasoned, or mature professionals... conceptual work, screenplay, or stageplay, or video production... in cinema, not all of the production crew, involved in making, and airing a television program will be sufficiently mature, for the task... and this can lead, to emotional scarring, and or even to unstable, or fractious, or tenuous standing, within the company, even the institution, or tradition. So, I guess, where I will sometimes make a mistake, is in the choosing, and using, of a made-up, imagistic, sur-real, or off-center,

or 'joke' title, which makes me feel over-extended, and unwilling to take the heat... 'In believing in something I don't understand, I tend to be left, with 'excessive defacit...' being left empty handed, when the bill collector comes along: without thorough knowledge, of the 'lessons of history,' the hows and whys... I may faithlessly borrow, on an idea, or invention, without knowing management skills, or leadership ability, to run such an enterprise... without knowing how to get there, from here ...'In the development,

and implementation, of new technology, or software... we never seem to be able to anticipate changing world conditions.' This is partly the reason, why the majority of business start-ups fail, or go belly-up within the first year, or two... and reason, why Americans have so much unpaid debt. While we learn, from our mistakes, we can't anticipate change. And, remember the metaphor, of the moth, which flies straight into the light, and directly ends up fried onto the gas lantern... This reminds me of human nature, because, our

subconscious mind, is sometimes blinded, to all but the future, and to a greater, or lesser extent, the individual fails to, or resists apprehending, and working through his or her subconscious perceptions, and prescience.

Instead, of choosing wisely, and conservatively, he or she kind of 'traces the glaring bottom lines,' of the future, in our art, music, or literature... illuminating only suffering, and heartache. Such an artist may tend, then to conflagrate, bursting into flame, melting down... entirely failing, in

the journey of his or her 'jazz artform expression...' Such misjudgment, and lack of discernment can become a serious stressor, causing, then bad habits, and excesses, like drug abuse, alcoholism, fetishism, shoplifting, impropriety, inequity in dealings, isolationist, or anti-social behavior, or even suicide.

Since, I may not socialize well enough, things in my life, may be repressed, or suppressed, rather than facing, working through, and getting beyond, such issues... and keeping a journal, is a great way to

do this. So, now, you see a few of my ideas, on the 'human predicament,' in a general sense, and ways, things really are, or can be, commonly in adult living. So, I'll pass this article along to yourself, now.

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When I go unto the empty page, in writing, I may, or may not, have, thorough understanding, of the lands, afore my minds' eye... some writing sessions, may indeed be more experimental. Knowing this, lets me put these words, onto paper, this evening. So, you can

see... 'Not all writings, are created the same.' Partly thru, the knowing, of set boundaries, onto 'the page,' and partly through, the having of an rythym of practice... knowing, to write... if I find, "Life has given me lemons,' I will make lemonade." Haveing knowledge of constants, within my ever-changing mind... this lets me keep sight of myself... my beliefs and values.

Sometimes, experiences, are such that, I alone, am unable to distinguish, good from bad... ideal, from that which should be avoided... but, as a strong,

established friend, comes forth, I am allowed, re-assurance, of just who I am... and who I'm really less like unto. At any rate, I can find... tonight, my vision is clear enough,

for myself... I can write. If you wish, to put together, an quality written article, upon this, or any night, the most helpful tool, might be, not ones' word-processor, but,

having an good set of simple starting thoughts, which can be recollected, and drawn forth from, to 'get ones' pen moving, down the page...' this can be an assist, to good writing, also. Like the 'bold brush

strokes,' which set an articles' direction, and flow... its orientation, upon the page, so the skilled writer, knows how to best merge, with his workstation, or word processor... and function, as one unit... man and tool. So, while this needn't be labored over, having a good intrinsic understanding, of set boundaries, such 'starting thoughts,' can come about, like leaves, on a tree. When one has travelled a distance, within the time, since previous writing... it's not all that difficult, to see writing, as like unto, a dancing, which,

when grace is present... is so much like an collection, of deftly performed riffs, or licks, which can be arranged sequentially, as the moment, and ones' ability, will allow.. such is writing. So, getting down, to the gist, of this 'thought jazz,' this evening... token engineers, sending glad tidings, along... 'am I free?' We might, through 'looking within,' discover more of ourselves, thereby 'equipping,' ourselves, for the trials, of the day. Therefore, I will have, time for the Eastern mystic, as I draw partly upon his 'Way.' When, I

wonder, sometimes, as to how to flow, within these pages, without thorough Eastern knowledge, I must reside, simply enough, within both my principles... and my poetry.

So, see? We today, most of us, anyway, having likely found at least some exposure, to an eclectic survey, of 'pop culture,' traditions, and art forms... it should not be hard, to find at least something, to 'appease ones' fancy,' for an evening, or a day. I've been so blessed, all of my life, in that, I early on was given knowledge, and love of books, and reading. By the

time, I was fifteen years, I had devoured three encyclopedia sets... two World Book sets, from mid-20th century, and a young persons' science encyclopedia set, from the late 1960s... that's in addition, to my parents 30-year collection, of National Geographic magazines... having this knowledge, makes me who and what I am today. So, for those, who fail to think, or who assume nice things 'just happen,' in this world, or that writers, are just suddenly fabricated... cookie-cutter-style... you should be pleasantly surprised, to read these words.

And, anything I can do, to confirm  
the reader, in an good experience...

in this 21st century... this is  
something, which I would do.

From this vantage, I can see... good  
things, in living, take time, to gel...  
to be encouraged, and cultivated,  
and nurtured. If you ever wonder,

what the weather will do, you  
should ask, your meterologist. If,  
you ever wonder, where your next  
meal is coming from, you should  
seek assistance; there are

programs, you should know of.

While I may not, can change time,  
I can, make room for a friend.

Living has shown myself, that whatever good things, I have and know, in my living, such is firstly, and mainly, given thru grace... as I, twice, was given another chance, in

life... only through the surgeons' skill, and know-how. Had he failed

to put me back together, in the proper ways, in 2003, I wouldn't have healed, at all. I would have died, right away. And this I know.

Patterns, in Nature. The logical aim, of each individual, to take only that which one needs, nothing more... this comes, with grace. In communicating, with nature, allow

us, within our selfevident beings, to allow, understand, and reward, and be fulfilled, in return. This answers, the quest at hand. There, will be, those times, today, when I wonder, just how, I can make, the hurdles, and obstacles, and connections... and see over, the stumbling blocks, a higher light, of transcendence... taking each step, as it comes, allows, also, ones' prescience, to be seen, in the right light. There may be no foe, which compares, unto Nature... should she start to change, you'd know it, for sure. Well, more likely,

imagistic writings, are at hand... seeing this evening, an thick fog, rolling across this sodden mountain top... I'm reminded, of the 'Grey Havens,' spoken of by, an older writer. As we winter, here, in the same place, where we'll summer.. I wonder, at our warm weather. The Gulf of Mexico, they say, is warm, these days... this has tended, to create warm, moist airstreams, flowing from south-west, to north-east, across our state, and this brings precipitation. Across the Atlantic, Europe is a lot colder, this winter. They've had to

dig out of snow. What this reminds me of, is an intensification, of weather extremes... hot is hotter, and cold is colder. Our temperate south, seems to have skipped winter, this year. So, weather, which always hinges, on water vapor, and temperature, can be highly variable. It helps, to understand this simple truth, as this builds faith, within... faith in the constants, about ourselves.... faith, in this timeless Earth, about ourselves... this habitable planet. I can see, in the writing, of this article... these words, are higher,

above me, than usual this night... I must reach farther, to grasp, and write them. But... that is just the hurdle... upon being written... they're mine, well enough. So, you see, now how good writing, is accomplished, in time... the perfecting, of a few 'starting thoughts,' reveals an more thorough article, upon my page, and progress is accomplished. In writing, we have, really just so much, experiential information, from since the last writing session... but it's within ones' relating unto the media... the empty page, that

the chemistry of two, can tap into, or allow, higheraccessional information, beyond writers' conscious domain. This, is the magic of stream-of consciousness art... our subconscious mind, knows much more, than we may consciously grasp... just, 'If it doesn't come as easily, as the leaves on a tree, it had better not come at all.' Now that I've began, a new written article, onto my pages, my 'pinwheels,' or 'energy locci,' start turning, along lines of completion, of such article; I keep my ball-point pen, handy. There's an

alchemical relationship, I find, which exists between, my five or six cognitive senses, and my verbal, or written language faculty. So, the passage of time, clarifies the muddy pool, and I find myself gifted, with an new written article, or essay. So, the stream-of-consciousness writing, isn't just idle talk... such writing serves, to cue the deep mind, into just that which is present, within ephemeral dimensions. This can help one, to get his or her footing, back onto solid ground. When, I go unto the empty page, it can help, to have a

few good ideas, as to that which might form the crests, and valleys, of the writing... its structural dimensions. Sometimes, my personal sphere, is more or less turbulent, for a time... eye-irritants, seem to be running at an new intensity... then, when hope of quietude and stillness is dwindling, I'll find some small triumph, or victory... like a new, cohesive written article... and I see, then the depressed foam pillow, returning to its full, expanded form. So, but finding the strength of will, and clarity, of mind, for new writing,

can be challenging... there's a difference, between babble, or confusion... and sensible, insightful thought... it can be a stretch, to grasp toward quality. Taking the 'art of writing,' with a gradualness, and a patience... this will let only what will be... be, and one saves, and knows. Now, when I begin writing, a new essay, or prosody, I may, have a set idea, which I would speak upon... but, most commonly, my ideas, come to light, only as I begin looking, upon the gentle flowing, which will begin, within the generating, of a few 'starting

'thoughts,' onto the media... 'momentum,' being the sort of term, which might apply here, 'the following, along a groove,' then highlighting, and allowing, only the right follow-up words, as if, one were actually speaking conversationally... showing the 'ins and outs,' of that speaking, which might would apply, or work well enough...

conversationally. So a cohesive paragraph, settles onto the page... and makes sense. So, and this effect can build, as one familiarises himself, or herself, with his or her

own portfolio... and his or her future. So, tuning into, the 'universal background,' ones' footseps, become so much more sure, and regular, and, while there are yet those times, of insecurity... one finds, then that his or her quietude, and knowing, grows greater. And this is human development. So, with the sunshine strong, as it is here, today... one finds little, to pain, him or her. Finding that there is nowhere to go, nor arrive upon at all... everything is accomplished... this is the end of strife. Now, so

when one can look back across, a new paragraph, or essay, and find that he or she has expressed himself or herself eloquently, and concisely... showing, the interior landscapes, as he has found them, this day, this gives grace, in return. My mind, sometimes is revelatory, on one or another level... of this or another surface, or sub-surface seismic stressor... it can just require experience, to see the difference between relevant, issues, and those which are shown to be more benign . Seeing the differences, between geophysical, astrophysical,

human cultural, national cultural, local-cultural, or familial-cultural seismic stressors... this is an understanding, which can help one to see... some days, are more stressful, or difficult, than others. And, seismic or tectonic stressors, slips, fissures, or upheavals, can occur, within all of the areas, spoken of above, and others... such as corporate culture, or religious cultural stressors... even generational cultural stressors.

Seeing this difference, some days... other days, being a lot less conscious, really, of seismic or

tectonic stressors, in general... I have found that there are good days, and bad days. So, and the good should outnumber the bad...

or else, why would one pursue, aims and ambitions, in the world

today? So, we have 1) our established, traditional ways... and

2) more or less progressive, or alternative, cultures, and ways.

Seeing the distinctions, gradually, between all of the areas spoken of above, reader should ask of him or herself... how secure, is living today, for myself? The answers, usually are found, mostly, in the national

areas, the state areas, and the local areas. Geophysical, and astrophysical stressors... as well as environmental, or ecological stressors or areas... these changes, come about more slowly, usually, and are therefore much less frequently, seen by the average person, but can be important.

## **THERAPEUTIC WATERS**

**WHEN I FIND, MYSELF  
THINKING, about writing, more  
than twice, in a day... looking**

forward, unto my craft, and hobby... and imagining, that which I might say... I see my way, well enough, from through this notebook, and ball-point pen. So, do you see, how, then this, is exemplary, of the re-greening, and renewal, which finds a way, each year, with Spring? So, myself, would have, that I be the most pure vessel... and therefore I refrain, from strong chemicals, in my lifestyle, and habits... coffee, and tea... and tobacco, is all I allow.

(Most people, stay away from instant coffee, which can increase acidity in ones' digestive tract...

which can lead to inflammation, or worse... and tobacco, which is a carcinogenic luxury, which fewer and fewer folks, will allow...) ... The creation, of sound, stable, waveforms... and the avoiding, of all which takes one 'out of oneself...' this has been priority. When you want to know, a bit more, of an sort of 'micro-world scenery,' this can be accomplished, by looking within, heart and soul... in an linear flowing, across time... onto lasting media. I think, the biggest trade-off, for the creative lifestyle... can be lack of focus, within ordinary

affairs... accompanied, however, by greater single-pointedness, within ones creative, and artistic processes,

and pursuits. How best, to go about ones' writing craft, or hobby, is seen, when one isn't pressured, by set time limits, and has no set goal, or aim for an article, or essay...

which allows for, firstly, an smattering, of surface impressions, and ideas, onto the page...

forgiving, also, the delving, within a moment... looking beneath, first

one surface layer, and then the next... right down the page. When one finds, ones' self, to be more or

less free from fear, ignorance, and pain... this allows, then for closer examination, of the now, upon the page... at some length, which another, with physical or psychical pain, or suffering, or distress, wouldn't even have access unto.

Ones' mind-brain, can be seen, as an powerful microscope, or telescope... having the right outlook, or model, for understanding, can be the difference. So, metaphor, and analogy, can help one to visualise, and see meaningful relationships. I think, that this can be found, in

understanding algebra... an algebraic formula, represents, or stands for, an unique set, of relationships... replacing, the variables, with numeric values, can illustrate, or convey, or relate unto the mathematician, an larger, more specific, real-world relationship... say the mean rate of solar energy utilization, or exchange... from sunlight... by a long-leaf pine tree... and CO<sub>2</sub> utilisation... unto oxygen production, in a healthy full-grown tree... these are 'models,' for reading and comprehending, unique data sets. So, but do we call

this an analogy, or syllogism? No, but this is a mathematical inter-resonance or harmony... an equation... an model. So, the concept, is very similar. In finding, ones footing... upon this, or any day... I'm allowed a breadth... a depth, of perception. For, the best writing, is imagined vision, expressed outwardly... vistas of the Earth and Cosmos, when seized upon, with the intellect, tend to lead the pen, to move down the page. And, imagined fantasy, within the minds' eye, can indeed be a portal, into an far wider,

heavens... as one will capture such,  
onto media... this, then might  
catalyze, a world within itself.

Seeing, the world, through a poets'  
eye... one sees likenesses, within all  
things... and this, can lead one,  
through the most imagistic, richly  
textural landscapes. And, this  
writing, then, gives an richer  
reading experience... tending to  
bring the reader, time and time  
again, back unto its' pages.

Enduring, pains of inactivity, tends  
to sponsor, one into the most  
imagistic, impressionistic writings;  
proportional, perhaps, unto the

difficulties, found in ordinary resting... ones' writing, may be richer... more beautiful. And this may be just the reason, why those with great limitations, and constraints... or handicaps... have often been seen, to be the most uniquely successful . In wondering, about values... and, just how are such and such a thing, seen, in the world, today... we should know, how life is an 'resounding sphere, of whispering trees... talking and creaking, in the 'midnight motivations," 'ever-interconnected...' on the shadow

side, within our own, thinking,  
feeling, dreaming, lucid  
consciousnesses... and finding  
things, in the fourty-three year old  
guys world, like mine own,  
showing more of an sense, of an  
union of souls... and togetherness,  
than maybe in recent memory...  
and, perhaps, more of an sense of  
death, and decay, maybe... but so  
much more, so, of vital life energy,  
coursing amongst... future, looks  
bright indeed. Knowing, how  
'looks can be deceptive,' I cherish  
this art, of 'looking beneath the  
surface... with intelligent aesthetics,

in mind... especially, intelligent, as I perhaps would scream, a while, were I to just 'let go,' I know... that which 'sounds right,' or true, for myself... is, in my view literate...

would definitely be a more composed, expression. Such, is my better bet, as I'm perhaps, a bit overly touched, of late, by ongoings in dry dusty lands... mine, and ours, is so much closer to the 'waters of life...,' therapeutic waters, in general. So, and at the end of the day, if I've dreampt, and managed to hold onto such creations... in time, it is seen, how this is the

quality, which for so many, can be so elusive. So, such and such a time, may look, to be a bit impoverished... beneath the surface, though, is found the 'clear light of bliss,' which simply can restore all hope, and faith. When, the time arises, for writing... I put a few 'starting thoughts' upon the media... and look upon just how then, these first few words will build... how they'll progress, and follow, down my page.

The night, about our home, is chilly... the ground is still soggy, in places, from our recent rain...

although, the day was sunny... the ground is still pretty saturated, from the previous few days' rain. There's no place to go, or arrive upon at all, this evening... save within this completed, quality article, or essay. I settle in, to this soft chair, and allow, a few easy words, to flow, onto my page. I wonder, sometimes... as to that which is within, my subconscious mind, and intellect. While, my mind is good, tonight... the air composition, feels harsh, like an vacuum, upon my scalp surface, and face. If, there's any way, to see

farther, into this essay... to look, somehow, into the empty spaces, upon which these words, are being written... I'll find it. Sometimes, it's just in the way, that a deck of cards falls, upon being tossed into the air,

that I see an intriguing arrangement... that my creative mind, is stimulated, or surprised, by the unexpected. So, keeping sights upon the ingenious... the intuitive, as well... the question becomes... how to build a bridge, from my higher mind, onto the media... turning neither right nor left... from the path, of the fullness,

of vision... which can reveal, the light of bliss... the innate self. I guess, that, if I try a bit, I can see a higher light, of transcendence.

That means, 'going my own way...'

which means, ignoring some things, and emphasizing others.

'Being, my own boss...', and thinking for myself. Am I up to the task? Stepping out, beneath the jewell-studded canopy, of the night,

I imagine how alien, Earth might appear unto an galactic wayfarer... I feel like, that alien... and this is just

why, I write tonight... to give substance, and definition, unto my

soul... to evidence, my thoughts, upon my page. Without my imagination, I would be an stranger, unto myself... an 'invisible man.' But it's through interacting, with my empty page, tonight, that I find my character. I hope, through these words, to divine, the heart of this night... to put to rest, all sense of transience, and temporality... to allow myself, access into the one Earth... neither antiquated, nor modern... we loose so much, of ourselves, when we leave Nature, in favor of structure, and order. But, to find order, within Nature, we

must return... individually, and intuitively. I have wondered, at times, of time travel. Could it be, that travellers, from times yet to be,

have sojourned, back unto our present... forming an critique, within my consciousness, like an strict rule, I cannot see? Are these but those, who've gone before? So, holding firmly, unto my belief, that 'we are not alone,' in journeys of life... I look ahead, a bit, to see the trail-blazers, where they have made a way for ourselves... could it be that our time travellers, who left their monuments, and artifacts,

within antiquity... will always and forever, be 10,000 years ahead, of ourselves... out upon the leading edge, of mankind.... living, many years before, perhaps, this very Now, elsewhere, only 10,000 years before. We are the inhabitants of Earth... styles, and fashion, being only that which has changed. It's a circle of life... a hoop, being rolled along the ground, by a child... contacting Earths' surface, in a continuous cycle of being. We, ourselves, were there... times before... all of those places. 'What goes around, comes around.' So

you see, being participants, within a divine order, requisites the rules of forgiveness, and innocence. This way, is 'always returning,' unto the place of origin. Our dreams, and embellishments, may be all we'll have, to describe ourselves within, to give form unto, the intangible. I hope you see, how we can allow things in this life, to be only in accordance with nature... neither pushing, nor preaching, but changing shape, in space, in concert, and sympathy, with an evolving present Now. Illustrating, through our faith, the

circumferences, of our belief. When we see, how individuals, are repeatedly re-born, so we come to understand, this conscious universe... our present place within it... our perennial role. Anyways, I arise early, from sleep, these days... I look at the ways, things and people about myself, awaken, and look upon the new day... some reluctantly, some more forthrightly. Surely, those such as ourselves, are given wonder, and fascination... at all which is mysterious... and all which is revealed. So, giving thanks, unto

all, which bring, these words... and to all which read, and find these words... without whom, I would have no impetus, nor reason, to write. And this is essentially, an pleasant dream... one not given, to fret or worry, over things, beyond control. 'There is one person, I can change, only --- myself.' Knowing this, thru and thru, lets me see, that the ultimate meaning, and lesson of Spirit, is self-responsibility. Having this truth, within self, I live consciously, and well.

## SPRITES

# OF CREATION

TO BRING ORDER, FROM OUT of the diaphrenous mind, one wants to feel adaquate sense of command, over the ball-point pen, and media. When this is present, one begins, to place a few 'starting thoughts,' onto the page... and watches, then, his or her article build itself. With extra oxygen, going unto the brains' cells, one simply throws off, the vascular constrictions, which sometimes form... tensions, and aches. When one is able to get to the page, he or

she, can then weigh the differences, between within, and outside, and glean insight, into his or her present... how does this reflect an distinct past, an present, or future?

Seeing, then, the way, a written article comes to be, upon the media... this should give the writer, his or her 'emotional ranges,' as pertains to the present moment, for him or her. When, one is able to maintain enthusiasm, within his or her self, about his or her own writing, in a general sense, then the critiques, being applied, upon ones' present word arrangements, tend

to be lesser, and find themselves, more or less in favor of, or weighing, to the side of, successful completion, of the writing, at hand, in the present. Getting beyond, the initial starting thoughts, is accomplished, as writers' pen, begins to move, of its own accord, down the page. Writings such as this- like anything else, one can do draw upon the writers' or artists' own know-how, and experiences... and are usually, brought about, through the having, of a rythym of practice... and knowing, thereby, to react positively, unto some days, by

aligning with the notebook page...

looking within, one can easily reflect, upon recent living, letting self, be drawn along his or her interiorescapes... through the single-pointed placing, of a few thoughts, upon the page. One explores, then the ways of sentence construction, and bringing unto the writing, an compositional flair, as he finds it... thusly, a book is written? So, this is the writers' 'inner self,' this night. As I scan, the heights, I also sound the depths. I look to bring together, the wispy, tenuous strands, high above, my self

tonight. The writing, can be like cloud-dreaming... letting ones' imagination, pick out distinct shapes, and visual energies... weighing, thereby, the time... while creating, an thoughtful essay... one not cloistered, within mundane limitations, but using impressions, of forms, and flows... letting associative imagination, see likenesses, and similitudes, and styles... and freely play. When, one needs, herein, to be sure-footed, and well-grounded... it might help, to remember, and acknowledge, a few strong, stable, solid, natural

shapes. Trees, with their sometimes broad root systems, beneath the ground surface... reaching toward water, and soil nutrients... and their even broader, spreading branches, overhead, reaching for the sunlight, and photosynthesis. Another strong, stable solid, is the pyramid. This is an naturally occurring solid, in some crystalline minerals... and just the most lasting and timeless architectural motif, in the world. So letting ones' conscious writing experience, be guided, along these lines, the rest of the writing, seems

to take care of itself... coming around, in time, to meld together, along such strength... broadest at the base, and tapering, then, inward, and upward... four inclined planes, which meet in an apex.

Seeing, then, the grace, really needed, to complete the essay, at hand... one finds positive reinforcements, coming from his or her matrix, of sub-perceptual fabric, and underlying his visual real world construct, which can be seen, as like unto an 'back-screen.'

This, then, increases, sense of solidity, and permanance, within

consciousness and feelings... building faith and confidence, in the present expressions, and times. So, does one see, then how changes, sometimes even small, perceptual changes, can really save, an relationship, for the better.. when one feels good, he or she can then do good. And this can be so important. So, and anything else, I can do, to smooth out the creation, of new writings, this is something, I would do . And so, if one wonders, how new literature, music, or artwork, can find its way onto the canvas, or notebook...

think like this: Life finds a way.  
Like water, which permeates every  
crevass, and tubule, within an  
natural sponge... so writings, make  
it to the surface... seemingly drawn  
along, by capillary effect, and  
osmosis... the gradual stabilisation,  
across a membrane... and  
absorption... so one keeps ones'  
balance, over time. Breaking away,  
from rules, stricture, dogma, and  
the sort of 'stalemate,' one finds  
oneself within, so often... into an  
more of an vitality, and enthuse...  
the having of an sense of an  
'engagement,' within ones' life, and

times... I find, this through successful management of household responsibilities, and family.. and another soul, does the same thing, in a different fashion, or using more or less complex tools, and media... in an externalisation, of that which many, many people find solely within, housekeeping, and child rearing... still another, may tend to paint, outwardly, within set boundary... while maybe lacking, to an extent, fluent inner ability, within home life. So, having, somehow, within my mind, an

'avenue unto the stars,' an 'channel to the highest...' this, too, sometimes, becomes an imaginal pathway, unto powerfully affective, cosmo-physical, natural and imaginal chaotic energies, and forces. Balancing the two...

imagined light, and imagined dark... and, too, sometimes... even figmentary, with dense... as if this were even possible... this is an full-time task. Perhaps, it could be said, that this has been humanities' great task... with the digits, of our hands, and opposable thumbs, our theoretical, technological

capabilities, sometimes surge ahead... beyond our present know-how. But, theory, doesn't win a war, or put food on the table... unless you're a physicist, that is... you need realworld, hands-on experience... that's why, an traditional education, and lifestyle... tends to be more successful... can put you ahead of the rest. So, if you find your life, is pretty mundane... but your mind is so precocious, you might find comfort in the stars. However, interstellar energies, whether real or imagined, can make us age too fast... can make bad habits worse...

like alcohol and tobacco. I'd probably need a telescope, to see just how much I've aged, in a years time. Natural disasters, cause stress long after the fact. I've found, that having, an sort of associative disorder, as I do... the mistaking of the painting, of a flower, for the flower itself... this pretty much keeps me on my toes.

And there's a reason, for this confusion... for, in a sense, all minds, are connected, on some level. Being human, we share, an collective unconscious, with all of mankind. And that sometimes

feels frightful. So, it's just this problem with, mistaking the road-sign, pointing the way, for the destination itself... this can be harrowing. To make things worse, at times... discernment comes about, when one recognises, and remembers, past attitudes, and tendencies... say, for instance, an 'abbreviated, sense of the ironic...' one tends to resume certain critiques... like an sort of 'doubting Thomas,' of established society, and then, it may appear, "Oh, all is lost." But still, when there's hope... in the

classic, the timeless, the un-

varnished expression, which speaks straight unto the heart, one will always, be able to find, plenty of positive thoughts, referrential unto this present day, and age. At least in most parts, of the world. So, going with the 'initial notion,' which first enthralled yourself, you'll find power, and freedom, within. Finding, there's no destination, to arrive upon, any greater, than the present moment... nothing to do, or arrive upon... journey is complete, and one finds healthful rest.

~

To discern, an new written article,  
onto my notebook pages, tonight, I  
start with these first few words.

Seeing, then the clear path,  
through this piece, I reside within  
my 'future now.' Dwelling within,  
my mind, I find no lack, for insight,  
nor imagination. I scan, back  
across recent days, weeks, and  
months. The writers' mind, can be  
a lot like a scanning electron  
microscope... my pen moves down  
my page, in following a cogent, or  
impressionistic sequence, of

language symbols, covering my entire page surface, with passes, or sweeps, of my stylus, to arrive upon, an logical, or eloquent, or more conscious conclusion. And, then, the view, is a macro close-up, of only an small patch of my life... I know, how to peer deep within, to take only small bites, of my food, and to savor the subtleties. While, in my early-mid 30s, a decade ago, I tended, to stride grandly, over vast, rapidly shifting, textural landscapes... these present days, my point of stillness, is really so much more steeped, within, an quietude,

and solitude... I'm in a better place, and so I'm more comfortable, and therefore more able, to take it slowly, and to gradually reveal, these pages . So, quantum consciousness... is, perhaps, at best, the science, of words, and their meanings, and relationships, with their media... and of how best, to stay upon firm footing, using such safe words, so as to allow the most comfort, and security... whatever the age. And, writings, based upon, this thesis, are just so much easier, to hold onto... within this sometimes-changing cosmos. And,

as we always learn, from our mistakes, we can indeed improve our lot, and station individually...

the impulse towards self perfection, should never be abandoned. And, as one will always, have, at the heart, an individual view... one should never stop learning. As the day, has gotten along, today...  
the skies are gradually appearing, to clear... but our long-range forecast, calls for a blustery weather week... there's a chance for thunderstorms, each day... yet still some sun. As our northern

hemisphere, tilts back towards the sun, with northern summer... and the southern hemisphere, sinks into winter, Antarctica grows darker, and has little sunlight for maybe six months. For our northern peoples, in America, and Europe, spring for many means pollen, and allergies. For myself, this time often feels, kind of chaotic, and new... as spring brings much change, within the natural world. Things, in a very generalised sort of way, are sprouting out... newness, and new growth... new life, is found throughout. As a symbolic time, in

Christiandom, Easter signifies,  
'having slumbered in darkness, for  
three days and nights, of death...  
the Saviour arises, the angels roll  
away the stone, from the tomb  
entrance, and comes forth,' ...thus  
fulfilling the promises, of  
resurrection, unto new, eternal life.

And, it's in this context, and  
historical spiritual background,  
that my hyper-cortex... or within /  
without boundary, which enfolds,  
and describes, and gives definition  
unto myself, brings myself unto an  
consciousness, of changes,  
sometimes widespread, subtle

changes... of tectonic shifting, or un-rest, or settling, and other seismic events... such that, that I sometimes doubt, and tend to worry, just how I might react, in a real life situation... hence, simulations, and role playing can be important. Were, one to be handed, an artifact, from some ten-thousand years, into the future... would we have the capability, to learn from, and understand, how to use, such technology? Since many of our present day electronic devices, and so forth, are more or less dependent upon other, more or

less equally inter-dependent and diverse fields, and technologies, developed only over the 150 years or so since humans harnessed electricity... such as an transmission network, of 110 volt alternating-current, household power outlets, and so forth... a GPS device is useful only seen in light of Werner Von Brauns' rocketry experiments... which only somewhat latwere developed into orbital launch capabilities, and microwave signal transmission, and so on and so forth... so, the technologies, of the distant future, might prove

difficult to consciously back-engineer... to do so, would probably mean, that thousands of other advancements, and technologies, and industries, be arrived upon...

and so forth... our common utilities, such as our networks... of power, or communication, or transportation, might be simply outmoded, proving such futuristic technology, useless, unto ourselves, on the whole... unless our conceptual understandings, could make a leap forward... the actual usefulness, of the artifact, might be lacking. So, the single, most

important advancement, we could make, might be of a conceptual nature, and may come about, by just the having, of higher technology, on hand... while maybe lacking, in common practical value, or usefulness, or applicability, unto ourselves . So, do you see how, all is accomplished, already? We might could glean some advancement, of understanding, on a basic level... acquainting ourselves, unto new materials, and styling.... without say, having the interface network, to make use of, or even being there...

the infrastructure network to support it, or otherwise, might be lacking. We could, and probably have, stored away, higher-evolved technology, and artifacts, in an instance or two... from much more advanced species... I feel sure, that just having access, unto higher order technology, by only a few, careful souls... such being locked away, warehoused underground, somewhere, forever... it would only be a matter of time... but barring unforeseen circumstances, we would, eventually, ourselves develop, such technology, on our

own...

in the same ways, that just having nice books around the house, seems to help young minds, develop more gracefully, and to fuller extent. (Evolutionary leaps, in technological capability, take place... it's just having the artifact, from the future, on hand, somewhere, which, through osmosis, and absorption, would seep into our scientific culture, many subtle facets, of such industry, and capabilities, to get there, from here... like an contact high.) But, were we handed an

device, from out of only, say, 75 years to the future, we might just see, some of the way there. And, as they say, a group is only as advanced, as the most advanced member, an important sort of consciousness-raising, could take place, bringing forward, an accelerated period, of rapid advancement. So, this is where we find ourselves today... having come up unto, if only in the role of simplistic consumers, the visionary insights, of just so many luminaries... and benefitting, from their leaps, of logic, and insight.

So, my ability, has been mainly, opened, through my notebook, and word-processor, and it's just that having an desktop PC opens, also an avenue, to desktop publishing... probably the only way, you might read, these words today. As an

American, I'm part of an most innovative peoples, since, for at least the past two-hundred years... our Native American ancestors, and forbearers, must have found, our ideals worthy, in some important ways, and graced ourselves, looking compassionately upon, from heavenly abode, those

of our kind, and showering us with many great advances, now in use the world over... forwarded our concerns, and fervor, throughout the land. Of course, I'm speaking for others, who with great diplomas, and offices, upon their wall... and learning, under their caps... who have developed the concepts and devices, that make my life most livable, today... not the least of which is medicine, and advanced surgical techniques... having sanitation and running water and electricity in our neighborhoods... these, also, being

perhaps, the most unsung benefits, of life in our modern western democracy. So, and everything is relativistic, and we all stand upon shoulders, and accomplishments, of those whom have gone before. So, this is the truth of this article, really... we, most of us anyway, have arrived upon our present capabilities, through much hard work, and perseverance... and we can't fail to acknowledge, any, and most all, who've gone before... all is inter-related, and inter-dependent.

## OBJECTIVITY

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO LOOK at the information, present in the now, you can look upon the page, in writing... the essences of the time can be found. While I may not always know, just what the moment contains within it... anything written, in the present, speaks expressly, of the future... is distilled from within future lands. Seeing this truth, tonight, is just a big part, of the puzzle, as to 'why do I do the things I do?' 'Why do I feel the way I feel?' And knowing the many-fold blessings, of this writers' paths, I send praises heaven-toward, in

gratitude. To really look within, tonight, I turn off my mp3 player, and instead spin a soundscape, from my disc machine; I look upon these words. When one has travelled a distance, within inaction, or 'non-doing,' then he or she should feel more secure, within stream-of-consciousness media formulation... he or she knows his own sphere... its dimensions. As I have been dreaming and capturing several free-form piano performances onto media, the recent few days, have flown past... time seeming but a vague

presence. And, isn't this, then eleysium? If you wish, to connect, with your own higher self, and mind... it is possible, to do this, thru the expressive media, at hand... for

myself, this includes mainly stream-of-consciousness writing, and divination, visual design and sketching, and musical expression.

Think of the many characteristic qualities, of the 'artistic musical expression...' as you might read, see, or hear it... One uses electronic

instruments, and recording equipment... these must all be turned on, and connected thru

jacks, into plugs, to and from, the instruments' output jacks... into the pick-up jack... The instruments and recording devices must be set, the

right recording levels for the performance, arrived upon. One must place blank media, into the recording slot... one tends to draw deep breaths, and prepare, for performing... this can mean, slipping along, and into a trance... or meditative place, within... and when prepared, starting the recording equipment, or software, paying special attention, to beginnings, of the performance,

themes, or melodic figures, and phrasing... or other wise... breaks, chorus, and ending. One uses a strong musical idea, or thought, allowing such to formulate itself... the phrasing, dynamics, rhythmic affiliations, and duration. But think on this... the essential natures of a time and place... ones' subtle emotional states, and progressions of such, even ambience... the spatial atmosphere, of a flowing, in time... and over time... an closely articulated performance... within a time, and place... over space of time, (and performed, with

feeling...) thusly one might shape up, an composition, for eventual publication. And this, is mainly an gift, when shown or given, thru the media, and venues, as one is familiar with them. All of these sometimes subtle, closely controlled nuances, and facets, of an recording session... these make up an recorded performance... All of these things, coming to bear, upon and within the unfolding sound-picture within an recording environment... carefully modulated throughout, this audio signal, or aural-image, in the now, and

progressing in real time, along a duration...onto the recording media. And that's not always easy to pull off. The guiding rule, for the experienced player, might be...

'If something doesn't come as naturally as leaves on a tree, it had better not come at all.' But for the piano or guitar pupil, or student, gaining mastery of the gist of music theory, and acquiring an vocabulary of expressions or licks...

feeling good command over a keyboard, takes many attempts, at the goal... and this takes a great desire, to grow with this craft... and

to gradually reveal an artform, in time, afore yourself. So. And this, then is why our culture has traditionally placed such worth, and value, upon recorded media... and the great need, for ensuring intellectual property rights protection. For this is the 'spiritual architecture,' of our time.

Anyways, music can be a great focal point for an music meditation. So, to look upon ones' 'future reflection,' he or she can simply study, his 'stream of consciousness' output in the present... in design, music, or

word... this cues the deep self in to that which is present within ephemeral dimensions. And it's with these documents, that we can improve our 'collective presence,' in such a way that we illuminate, and allow, only the best possible future results. So, and for those whom place first priority upon 'being kind,' in this world... never could there be, really, a better sense of 'self-authorship,' found, than as one has expressed only that which he or she really desires to say, nothing more...' this is truest eleysium . So, this is the writers'

consciousness, as he perceives it. In wondering whom one is, in the present, he or she should look upon his 'future reflection...' this, then should allow insight to freely flow. As the sun sets, on this April evening, our countys' weather, calls for cooler than usual temperatures... this is unusual, for here, but not unexpected. In looking back, tonight, and thinking of the ways, I sometimes, am shaken, by unfolding outcomes... the answers, had we thought to look, were all around ourselves. I have found that, in general, during

good times... lighter, freer treatments, are shown... it's only as the future develops an constriction... an narrow strait, that we experience pain. Knowing, this simple thing, can keep future struggles and doubts to a minimum. In writing, can we be 'objective...' rather than trying to see an clear path, through the abstracted, dualistic, subjective canyonlands. It can really help, to focus upon the emperical, the factual, the known, rather than the steep plummeting declines, found beneath so many unturned stones.

And then, we know, we have such brighter future, within such. So.

And, this is the truth, as my 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, has revealed it to myself, tonight.

When one wishes to know more, about his or her ranges, of dark and light... and of possible future paths,

and directions... he or she can access the empty page, of his notebook, and stylus. As words are placed, upon the page, and time passes, within writing... you can easily see, that the only limitations,

we as people, in general, are ultimately ever faced with, are

those that are self-imposed. This is really the philosophy, behind the spirit of invention, of innovation. For, if I am truely in charge, of my own paths, and directions, I would have that this free-will, find fullest expression, within these written pages... while holding unto 'the changeless,' within my existance... I yet may apprehend, and bring from within myself, the philosophers stone, as can be found... the grail, of the mystic... through the pure forms, of intellect, and imagination, within my mind, and heart. So, if you wonder, as to the

impetus, the inspiration, and stimulus, through which the world comes to be... people today are motivated, by a willingness to express the divine... and, to be a full expression, of the heavenly... within the material world. Seeing, then the way these words come to be, upon my page, I find encouragement and renewal, from within an sort of incremental progression, onto the media... gradually allowing, these words to form, in tempo, with the turning heavens, and throughout the ways I might 'enfold, and surround,' and

play 'only the feminine role.' So, just the right follow-up words, are allowed... and, as time passes... finding their place, upon my page. And, in looking back, we can, with a patience know, that the answers are right there... sounding out their affirmation, of the lasting... the classic... the timeless... as I might would find it. So, to me, freeenergy, theory, is, in practice, alchemy... as we appear to follow, our mother-tongue... our root language... so the externalised expression, tends to build, and grow. As the background

cosmology appears to revolve, about our turning Earth... so the significancies, and symbolism, within the constellations, are an ongoing narrative account... of lore, legend, and mythology... bearing unique relevance, unto our humankind... who we are... our unique personal inner experience, and Man as a whole. So, then, you see... with eyes, upon the heavens, ones' 'coming into being,' is an steady, slow-turning... an 'bringing unto the light,' of progressions, harmonies, and changes, under this heavenly canopy, and with an eye

unto similitude, style, and the poetic. Keeping attuned, within myself, unto ones' present relationship picture, is like-unto, an balancing... finding my tactile skin surface apparitions, to be complex, at times difficult, to modulate... this being perhaps given, through my tympanic nerve, which relays aural signals, from ear drum, to brain... I yet, may through taking only 'baby steps,' in my writing... divine, or bring to light, an thoughtful, or inventive article, or essay. How best, to go about my writing-artform, is seen most readily...

when I am specifically conscious, of my unique human past-present-future field, or matrix. Keeping this consciousness, over the course, of the writing, of the same article, and largely, only through incrementally progressive ways... so, the worlds we know... and the new ones... come to be. But these are distinct, unique, individual pathways, and advancements... and usually have only small collaborative value, with humankind as a whole, in general... as 'teenagers, will always be teenagers,' and so forth and so on.

I just am always so concerned, with  
larger relationships, as my 'poets  
mind' tends to perceive Time , in  
partnership with Love ,  
throughout our human enterprise,  
and endeavor.

~

As one begins, to write... upon this  
or any good night... he or she, will  
want to have allowed previous  
work, and writings, to cool, in  
temperature... and, as he or she  
begins his sort of circumspect  
dreamweaving, or jamming... just  
place an strong, or eloquent  
introductory idea, or starting or

opening stanza, onto the page... and observe, then, how his or her article unfolds. It can help, sometimes, to have a few strong, stable, or novel ideas in recent consciousness... this

can provide the structure, and rythym, of your writing... and then one but need allow some interconnective fabric, to smooth out amongst, and conjoin the high spots within, and to embed, or nest, these innovative, or inventive ideas, within. While I don't always just know, what the moment contains within it, I can somehow forgive, and allow a few simple starting

ideas. As we move along our individual paths, into and along the future, we may sometimes experience an sort of break, within the evenness of things, in consciousness... this can be caused, from being partly blinded, in the glare, of some undesired, or unmanifest past, present, or future... frozen, in the bright lamps, of the harshness, and tumult, of some unwelcome, or ambiguous temporal happenstance. The best, really, that some of us might attain, could be, just within the knowledge of how, 'when one is weak, others

will be stronger...' It really does take 'a village,' to legislate task and responsibility... to manage, and see to the maintainance of utilities, we

depend upon, for , "While the discernment of an single individual

can be blurred, over time, by unfolding unmanifest times, the strong couple, or group, can easily

'harness present realities...' can

readily endure 'over time,'"

Knowing this simple thing, the future, just seems much less imposing... less imminent. In life, I have found, and seen, that there's a kind of 'complete the picture,'

effect, in 'making do with what we're left with...' one, with adulthood has learned, that, some things, tend to go wrong, daily, while maybe some others don't. 'Love will never do, what you want it to...' is an popular song, which says such... so writing, or producing seems to be a matter of getting your 'resonance,' in step, with the turning spheres... thru meditating mainly upon the unfolding moment... the 'tempo of life,' is most supportive, as we're stepping into an new writing, or project, with an measured, steady, even

flowing..., and 'as the world turns,' so do our incremental seconds, and minutes, hours, and days, months and years, revolve, and evolve.

Knowing what I know, about my mind, lets me see, that audio production, creative writing, or graphic design, can sponsor, so much, an sort of economy, of expression, within... and throughout ones' living. When one is happy with his or her work, he finds himself staying slender... living longer, and keeping lean.

Have you ever seen, how artists and writers, seem to know, when 'it's

on,' whilst those about wonder, or wish to be closer to the musician... keeping oneself 'engaged,' within craft and hobby, one has little or no time for boredom, or laziness.

When one finds oneself wallowing, in some way, he naturally dislikes what he sees, and therefore just learns not to squander time, except as sleep calls. So, this is the secret, some might say, to 'health, happiness, and wellbeing...' as locating ones own unique , closed, alchemical system... ambrosia... the philosophers' stone... comes about, as a matter of course. For those

whom have learned to respect and to look for this process... to allow it, in living... his 'graineries,' build in stores, and surety, and security goes up, or increases. The fine art, of allowing only the time-tested, the classical, to settle, gradually, onto the page... this is worth so much gold and silver. So, while ones' writing, sometimes incorporates, the accidental, we see that , reacting positively, in all cases, by going unto the page, in writing... we find an colorful archive, of pennants, and banners, standing, in the breeze, and

sometimes, against probable chances, displaying their heart-felt affirmation, of 'all that is.' This,

then, is the way to Zanzibar...

within, the mechanics... the phrasing, timing, and rythyms, of language formulation, onto the page... so we cover lengths of time, gracefully, and economically.

When, one wishes to describe, the ranges, and express the interior subtleties, and shades, of color, of the present, he or she picks up stylus, and notepad, and ventures onto the page, in writing. Without the strong opening premise, or

thesis, from a place of some knowledge, he or she wouldn't even 'test the waters...' (It's staring at the empty page which is really the hardest work...) successful writing is effort, (but of another kind) Writing is action... an relaying, or an retelling... the opening thoughts, 'get the ball rolling,' in the direction, of successful completion of the 'new thought.' Having an cadre, of workable slants, and directions... 'beginning expressions...' this can let one 'get into' an writing session, in various circumstances. I have

learned, to take writing slowly, and to gradually step into each expression. As a twenty-year-old, I wished to write... but I wasn't there, spiritually. There just came a time, at around age 26, when it poured out. I have mentioned, how successful writing, often comes as an response, to certain sorts of places, in my life... to the novice writer... 'When you have to, well you will.' But for many, relations have to be evolved, into forms, which are conducive, to good writing... and this is usually a matter of years more than weeks,

or months. One wants, to stop 'running around,' and just learn to sit. And this sometimes, means things must run their course. For,

writing can be born, of an experiential wealth, more easily, than can it be given, of the desire to make money. And as leaves come onto a tree, in the spring, so do books get written.

And this is that which my writers mind has shown unto myself, this day... I send these words along to you. In wondering, whom one is, in the present, we can resource, the moment... delving within, the

interior turning, which is language, onto the page. This lets one get the feel, for present enthusiasm...

seeing, too, any themes, or general directions, for a piece of writing, such can build, as the writer, then elaborates upon such themes, while remaining sensitive, unto his or her heart... the gentle flowing, of moments. I have often wondered, how I shall express myself... in such an way, as to enlighten, amuse, or entertain... I have looked, often enough, unto nature... the starry panopoly... the vast oceans of time and space. The universe is

vast... it is also vastly old... How are we to grasp, such age? Time perception, in the human sense, just doesn't suffice, to speak, unto 'the all...' its age... sleep, is the word, which describes the heavens... endless rest. Could the reader, perceive, zero-energy, zero-matter, quantum consciousness? I think this heaven, is the very reified, subtle consciousness, which persists, while both waking and sleeping... only, subconsciously... in life, the dense material which we are ensouled within, drowns out, such fine awareness... and mortal

existance, is only 'a blanket thrown over a lamp...' while the 'sleep of eternity,' is another whole wavelength entirely... below mortal appreciation... such being latent, within the soul... at all times... perhaps, it is only by stepping out, of the fleshly husk, that we shall, one day, instinctually arrive, upon, and attune within, such subtle spectrum wavelength. So, one could say, 'the sleep of Eternity, guides and informs everything else...' all which is good, and true, and right, in our lives, is only possible, thru the forever-lands,

outside, and around and subliminally within, the mortal coil. The same self, which perceives, a thing, is just that, which occludes from sight, the eternal, unchanging, unitative light, and bliss, from before all time... and, which is, lastly, that self. So, then life, rebirth, is an winding pathway, within and amongst the firmament... an enchantment. I, like Walt Whitman, have seen, that 'Life isn't short, at all, but instead is immeasurably long...' Seeing ones' way, throughout this experience, is enabled, and allowed,

through our knowledge, of Eternity... in so far as we experience it, while living. So, with these thoughts, I pass along these ideas unto yourself, now. I hope someone has been benefitted.

~

When one wishes to look within, beneath the level, of immediate appearances, he or she, can go unto the empty page, in writing. Attenuating with 'the constant,' and from a place, of transcendence, and quietude, he or she looks upon, the gentle flowing, of words, from

stylus, onto the page. In so far, as words can suffice, as signposts, and trail markers, so he or she should be able, to glean, from the 'process-relationships,' and perceptions, seen in the process, of writing, how the present time, is flowing along into the future. How one is able to control, the flowing of words, onto the page, is revelatory, of his or her present place, and standing... and sheds light into past-present-future relationships... surety, and self-command. Not all writings, are created the same. While relationships, can be of

importance, sometimes it can be of greater importance, to keep moving along, in things, and refrain from 'squandering time' within any self-defeat or selfdoubt, instead, just in affirmation, of the vastly better part, of the moment, with honesty, 'harness present realities,' not with woe, but with right, on your side. There will be those times, when one feels loss, and despair... but, through 'always returning,' remember, that cruel words, while all too easily spoken, as the future seems doubtful... are the rememberances, of and recall

the true power, and actuality, of the adept... whom holds keys unto 'non-doing,' and inaction... and in such, meets the goal. And then, comes the evermore powerful spiritual knowing, at having entirely transcended, and found triumph, amidst such contrary, and seemingly contradictory energies.

To look upon, ones' future self-reflection, he or she, may wish, to play only the feminine role, in writing. As water, following to lowest valley, returns unto the sea, so thru surrounding, and enfolding the manifest heavens, the writer

attains, the goal of transcendence... thru allowing only 'high virtue,' the sage, avoids altogether, the cycles, of death and rebirth. So, all is accomplished. The Taoists call such simplicity 'Wu Wei...' the principle of non-doing... the 'right in-action.' And knowing this, then today passes on thru gracefully, and one finds himself only positively blessed. Homeopathy is the way to heal a snakebite. This is an kind of administering, of controlled amounts of the venom itself... thus inducing, or coaxing, the bodys' own defences, to kick in.

Forgive yourself, for being ensnared, in hard-work endeavor... embrace it... let it go, and get back, unto unitative consciousness...

things always have a way of 'returning unto wholeness...' when the search is over, one quests no more. To look for simplicity, and truth, within the commonplace, one should remember, firstly not to take the readers for fools... the credit he gives his or her readers, is directly proportional, to the credit, they will give him, in return.

Allowing this thought to guide, and inform, your divination, and

essaying... you'll find you've so much more to show, for your work, than will the obvious, or the shallow. So, in writing, can we 'sound the depths,' and 'scan the heights,' and thereby connect with the timeless... the classical;

Through this way, we endure, beyond the realms. How then, is one, although young, able to find positive relationships, with the mature? Thru speaking simply, and without vanity... so minds, can meet. As one might can imagine, the Earth, and heavens, are very, very old. Ancient intelligences, are

all about ourselves... Understanding, that, those within higher, ascended realms, are given, to having timely relationship, within our temporal, mortal existances, as we ourselves, are naturally inclined, unto our relationships, with those 'beyond the veil;' each realm, depends, upon the other. The living world, here... this biosphere on Earth, as it can be found, is an 'ideal dancing ground,' for angelic powers, to express themselves, throughout, and amongst, and within... as, the 'worlds beyond,' and above, our

mortal existances, are simply ultimately the afterlife, and resting place, for that time when our mortal journey is complete. The spiritual treasures, and heavenly eleysium, are found, with the context, of the life-odyssey itself, both its defining, positivistic natures, and enfolding, underlying aspects. It's only within the interplays, of the both, figment and dense, that we might find our place, our standing. I found, and photographed, an box turtle, crossing our yard, yesterday... I stayed far enough back from him,

for him to feel safe... and took a few photos. His old eyes, to myself, resembled the wizened eyes, of an retiring army veteren... so much, within, is resigned, and written off... yet, with honor. He looks like an old friend of mine... who, with so much to speak, of solitude, and wandering... had acknowledged, my humanness, and sat down with myself, on many occasions, to speak of journeys, near and far. He had passed beyond, of natural causes, seventeen years before... it would be nice, I think, to welcome him back, today. Anyways, we're

trying to understand, this cool May weather... today feels, more like an

October temperature... at 72 degrees... we imagine, this time of year, to be much hotter than this...

humid, and hot... but it's just not always so, in reality. The Gulf to the southwest, tends commonly, to send this damp, or blustery cool weather up our way... the southeastern United States, gets plenty of rainfall... we almost never have drought to speak of, such as the southwest got last year.

Anyways, when the sunshine returns, later in the day, we'll see,

I'm sure, significant increase in temperatures, and humidity. As we make our ways, throughout this world, we are at times, clouded by doubt. Having an 'spirit guide,' can be the allowance, into greater faith, wisdom, knowledge, and hope. The appearances, of phenomena, upon and within the hyper-cortex, or spatio-spiritual consciousness... are, at best, honest, sincere relationships... and tend to flow, in concert, within the vast, universal present moment... and, are often symbol, and metaphor, to larger, encompassing cycles, constants,

and rythyms. Such phenomena, can be, as they are perceived to be.

If the qualities, of such relationships, are such that, one receives, and gives back, honest impressions... if free-will, is given attention, and importance... then wouldn't such an mind, be within an honest relationship? Wouldn't 'yea' be 'yea,' and 'nay,' be 'nay?' When I was small... less than ten years old, I wanted to write, and manage an writing path of my own... but I couldn't conceive, of such a thing, in the real, or actual sense... I just was insightful enough

to sense that, 'where there's a will,  
there's a way.' So, I hadn't the faith,  
at the time, to write... but I  
understood the principle , of how  
such could, in time be. At that  
time, my efforts were all pretty  
haphazard... there wasn't the sense,  
of unity of vision... my vessel was  
empty. Having, today, an sense, of  
an unifying light, within myself...  
an sense, of constancy, within... an  
idea, of an past-present-future  
spectrum, of possibilities... then,  
now this shows how, my cup is  
flowing over. That which intuition,  
and grace, will easily allow... can't

be known through manual means.

In other words, the intellect, possessed within an child, is sufficient, to easily express, the ineffable... such an thing, which an dullard, couldn't show. So, then, with meaningful spiritual relationships, so does the healthy adult consciousness, grow gradually, along an fifth-dimensional way, craft, or hobby. Generalisations, are usually biased, and are reflective mainly of the speaker, of such. Anyways, these are a few of my ideas, upon the topic of 'living with dreams.' When

I wish, to put together an meaningful article, or essay... there are just a few considerations, to think of. Firstly, one wants to feel physically, and emotionally well... inwardly, and outwardly.

Depending, upon how the 'strictures,' of the moment are amenable, to clear thinking, and writing... the writer gleans so much insight. Does one have, an novel, or inventive thought, upon this night, or another... he or she is able, thru 'narrowing, down unto truth,' to discern, fact from fiction.

Sifting around, within such ideas,

readily allows, for quality literature, to come to be. One gleans insight, into 'that which can be said,' or 'that which may be spoken,' or which is simply too obvious, or awkward, an topic, to convey, in words, or which is too ambiguous, or murky, in nature, to include. Such an weighing, and 'trial and error' discernment, is really the path, of gradual enlightenment, thru which the wounded, in love, are shown victory, and abundance. If there's one sure thing, in writing, then it's 'If something doesn't come as

easily, as leaves on a tree, in the spring, it had better not come at all.' This truth, guides, all others. While I may not always cognitively understand, just what the moment, contains within itself, it's so important, for myself, to exhibit pure, and true harmonies, and balance, so that the layered meanings, which time tends to sponsor, remain at ease, within the literature, or artwork, and excess stress, is avoided. To myself, the best way, to allow quality writing, is mainly through weighing ones' adeptness, in dealing with, and

navigating thru, such an testing.  
Anyways, just some ideas, upon  
this rainy May morning. I'll pass  
this article along to yourself, now.

## **THOUGHTS ON MYTHOS**

**WHEN I GO UNTO THE EMPTY PAGE,** in writing, I usually am not consciously thinking, of any set ideas, or topic. Thoughts, will arise, as I get my pen moving, down the page. In looking upon, ones future reflection, he or she should resource, the turning flow,

of moments, onto the page. Many times, I have gone to the page, without having an set idea, in mind, consciously... and have found, an great deal of bouyancy, and excitement, almost right away.

Testing, and weighing, then, the beginning thoughts, for rightness, and balance, we can see... one is less, or more prepared, for successful writing, in the now. So, starting from zero, can make for successful writing... but also might not be there, right now.

Differentiating, between healthy thinking, and that which, might

would be less graceful... the writer, knows, also, an healthful spiritual perspective. In knowing of ones 'future reflection,' he or she, can access the empty page, of his word-processor. Having, coalesced thoughts, to give an article, or essay... having taken care of the journey-work, of composition, this is always going to be, so much better, really, than will the half-hearted, or the unimpressive. So, then this, is the reason, for the work of the unconscious mind, and collective imagination, in our minds... and reason, for the work

within our 'back pages.' The subtle  
construmments, and derivations...  
affilliations, and self-concepts... and  
collective identity, of an age  
bracket, can, and have always, been  
that which was of most importance,  
within contemporaneous society,  
within such and such an time  
period. If the year's biggest topics,  
were troublesome, or problematic,  
then the infant, may develop, an  
excellent problem-solving ability,  
from the very start... and be  
required, to know just where he  
stands, in contemporary matters,  
across all of his years. So, likewise,

if particular birth year, has triumphal news, or is celebrated, by mankind in general, or could be seen as pivotal, for our human species... then the young person, or adult, may be good, at 'playing second-fiddle,' or providing 'back-up,' for the more accomplished people in his or her life... and hopefully, not detracting, from the importance, or significance, of others, and their ideas, and opinions, and belief. He or she, too, may be good at fulfilling the positive expectations, of others, and at meeting goals. Myself, having

been born three months, before  
Neil Armstrong walked on the  
moon, in 1969... so, too, I've found,  
that there's an great deal of  
mythos, within such an birth year...

using my birth year, as an  
example... I through looking  
within, twentieth century arts...  
music, and literature, can pretty  
clearly discern, for myself, that the  
Apollo moon landings, appear, to  
have been so spoken of, and  
storied, and foreshadowed, just  
across all the time, of the entire  
previous century... and, too, well  
within the

19th, and to an somewhat lessor extent, with the 18th. So, and probably, our Earths' civilizations, have been, over time, freed from 'the stone, of time,' and thus liberated, from the ignorance, of deep antiquity, by the divine religions, of Christ, Buddha, Mohummed, and the sun gods, of Meso-America, the islandic deities, of the pacific, and others... All ancient civilizations, and our own modern one, through the singular deities, of the Sun and Moon, have tapped, and developed, institutions, of higher learning, and have

advanced, over time, unto the present, and into the future. So, through mankind walking upon the moon, perhaps, our subtle, more spiritual, feminine qualities, of quiet triumph, and transcendence, through inaction, by humbling self, and enfolding others, our higher consciousnesses, have found an great awakening, and have assembled, the written records... lore, and wisdom, from across all of antiquity, into an easy-to-use, internet, interface, of such fluency, that almost no place, on Earth, is without access, unto

records, from all antiquity. So. And, this is just so important. So, and as another important year to myself... and also, unto mankind... 1998, and the 'Turning of the Ages,' as well, would surely have been foreseen, and spoken of, across all of the nearly twenty-six thousand year time period, which makes up this 'Great Year.' This should be clear, to the reader... that in Heaven, there is no time... only a perception, of time... In Heaven, all of past, present, and future, are like an ring, or wheel, which exists, and stands, complete, regardless of the

calendar year. So, this is why just everything, and all living beings, within adult consciousness, appear to have the 'spark of eternity,' as an glimmer, within thier eyes.... and do you see, the reason, for the unity, of

past,present, and future, in our minds, and of the vision, of such

unity... Do you see, the explanation, and reason, for the prevelance, of synchronicity, and all other oddball likenesses, and coincidences? So, too, seeing how

people want to be firm, in their beliefs, and self concepts... and be always, purposeful, in living...

scrupulous, in affairs... and frugal,  
in partaking of natures' cornucopia,

I am guided, and must allow  
myself, to be guided, by highest  
power, and consciousness, and  
discernment... and to know the  
wheat from the chaffe, as I go unto  
any writing session... any endeavor.  
When, at first, I started to write this  
article, I hadn't clear idea, of how  
to begin, beyond the bold brush  
strokes, and introductory ideas...  
but, thru starting small, and feeble,  
I was able to coax forth, the more  
complete essay. When, one wishes,  
to put together an meaningful

article, or essay, he or she looks unto, the empty page, of his notebook... I guess I'll always find, the nearest sounding-board... even if it's only the hollow wall of my house... or the nighttime sky. So,

the empty page, allows a few words, and right away, I notice the howling ocean wind, whipping the crashing waves, into a spray, upon my shingle... the portal clears, and I sense... it's only the simple phase-shift, between within, and beyond, my sphere, elsewhere... in clarity. I spend so much of my time, transfixated, by the angst, of

thoughtlessly shaped words... the defacits, of my own voice faculty...

that I fail, sometimes, to get an clear picture, of the world outside.

But within this act... the art of discerning the new essay... I find the smoke, clears from my glass, for a time, and the elements appear harmonious. As I grow in understanding, I sense that my very human emotions, are showing, quite clearly, within my writing... and resolve, within

myself, to keep writing simple, and dry. So, settling, into this much less challenging writing, now, I

give attention, to the borders of my notebook page. The expanse of surface, complements, my language usage, with an intermingling, of reflective light pulses... relevant to the ideas, within the language used, and word choice flowing, and the turning flow of moments.

Allowing music, to be felt, and experienced, just as it was recorded... putting oneself there, behind the guitar, or the keys... is an access, unto an visceral experience. As the seeming 'state of affairs,' within my spirit... are

such that, with an vast, convoluted  
surface area, of an sort of 'fossil  
works,' of my own design... I tend to  
experience all things, both positive  
and negative... as an somewhat  
lurid circus of carnival  
stroboscopes... I value the time, I  
find, within the natural universe.  
As for the archaeological surface  
appearances, within our back yard,  
there seems to be a great deal of  
degraded cast iron, fragments, and  
nodules, which appear to be upon  
the last leg of their voyage, back  
into the minerals which lie about...  
the local geologies. Veins, of

quartzite, and crystalline silica deposits, are etching and crawling their way, into that which appears to be shards, and detritus of, an industrial iron-age complex from milleau gone by... making these rocks appear fantastically old.

Deluge upon deluge, have created an ocean, of this ground, which was sea floor, time and again.

Fragments of coral fossil, and shell rock, are interspersed, mixed with the degraded iron, along and just beneath the surface. So do you see, how our hill-top, might would have been an shallow atoll, on

numerous occasions, upon which, apparently have run aground an freighter, or cruise vessel... time and again... artifacts of Atlantean travellers? Or a refinery? or an trading outpost? So, to escape my broken language... my spaced-out mind finds recourse, within the natural environs, or upon the page. Or both? Anyways... to see an clear way, unto an closure, to my recent strife... I sound the depths... I scan the heights. Bringing together, the wispy, tenuous strands, of inspiration... above the statosphere... the air suddenly grows cold, and

rare... rushing back, down, and away from myself... liquid black, rivulets and currents, of flowing aether, leaving, myself an bit like an 'fish out of water...' high and dry.

My pitiful plight! On 'the art of writing,' how can I suffer through world politics, when I can speak instead, of an simplicity, an rhythym, of practice, of divining streams of consciousness onto my pages? Within the gradual, unfolding process, of telling the tales, of this month, I happen upon a cirrus cloud... an feather... this helps me understand, the varieties,

of local bird species... and another puzzle piece, falls into place, upon my page. Our 'relative inner experience,' changes from day to day... knowing to show forth, onto the page, helps me to mark off my

morphing soul picture. As a simulcrom of the revolving spheres, 'the days writing,' presents ones 'inner life,' with its respective, representative ranges, and tonal colors, and temperatures, allowing an technicolor portrait of the time, in time, and over time. So, knowing to write, or journal, is important... and keeping such way,

over course of time... ones' cornucopia, is always full.

Anyways, just some thoughts, this sunny saturday morning... I send them along to yourself.

~

When one looks within, heart, soul, and mind... for ideas, and indicators, pertaining unto his or her present emotional and spiritual outlook... he or she simply places, an few ideas upon the page, and observes, then, how his or her new writing, will evolve, and grow, into an more complete essay, or article. Having plumbed, the depths, of an

'spiritual malaise,' as well as had more enjoyable experiences, in recollecting recently... and across the writing of these projects as a whole... I generally recollect, that the rewards, of stasis, and interior reflection, which always follow, most any of my production work... while sometimes making for good quality reflection and contemplation, inevitably... eventually leave myself feeling a bit like an useless member, somewhat endlessly wandering, the same interior landscapes, over and over, with but little gain or

accomplishment. Such an questing, can be useless, and wasteful, but can also stimulate, an more of a healthful kind of alchemy, turning over and over, recent themes, concepts, visions, and ideas... metamorphing such into eventual hope, for an new, or better development, in the ongoing narrative, of ones crafts, and artforms. While very little, of my writing, music, or graphic design, brings much financial profit... however, benefit tends to be deferred unto future times... and what listeners or readers, may

come attendant to my posting online, and my physical gifting or trading unto, or with others, across and within, most of my years. I would generally stay close within 'the art of writing,' when doing writing, 'the art of photography,' when doing that, and so on, keeping things, pure, and serene, when possible. As I being 43 years old, am simply not much of an adventurer, by now, but instead find value and worth more so, within the safe havens, of craft, hobby... and common sense, while refraining from thoughts, of

'changing the world,' as I, for the better or the worse, like my world pretty much as it is. I'm very aware, of the very hot dry weather, we're having here in our part of the country, this week. The best hopes for the farmer or grower, include an abundant rainfall, later in this week. Maybe such will be. In recent reflecting, I might have carelessly scoffed, at the perceived or misperceived flaws, or inadequacies, of one or another of my own stream of consciousness flowing... in one way, or another, however, such is only so very like

unto the meandering river...  
tending to make its own  
boundaries, and shorelines... and  
generally, hugging the lowest  
valley, where the soil is most fertile,  
and yeilding. So rivers can run a  
bit deep, and are the vitality of, and  
the heart of the land. Thoughts,  
on the subject of rivers... Important  
musicians and writers have  
resourced rivers as theme, across  
time... thier meandering, life  
supporting attributes. Samuel  
Clemens built his Tom Sawyer  
stories around an river... Duke  
Ellingtons' last symphonic project

'The River,' highlighted the themes  
of flowing, meandering, fluid  
grace... the liveliness of the rapids,  
and the little swirls and vortices of  
the lazier flowing...

Johnny Cash, in his last  
recordings, contributed his voice to  
Johnathan Elias' 'The American  
River,' making a broad, generalised  
reference, unto the ongoing,  
sometimes wandering flows of  
culture and community, literature,  
and music, free press... painting  
and sculpture, technology and  
innovation... knowledge and  
schools of study... these too,

sometimes taking unexpected twists and turns, or seeming to be ungoverned, in some ways, in their curriculums, and coming into being. Living on Earth, one doesn't know just what innovation will emerge, nor how wild will the popular appeal be. Archeology, and medicine research, and so on, are constantly turning up new, hitherto unknown finds. So talk of rivers has been popular, as these are both romantic and economic centerpieces to the land, and on an existential level equate to 'the human condition ...' our thinking

brains, minds, and collective unconscious... extant in time, and across the vast Now. Barges, and commercial fishermen, are to be found, in river economies, along with fishing for sport. Dams are sources of renewable energy, which rival coal or nuclear, when they are found... our nearby river is resourced, for hydroelectric generation, where the big river continues, to the west, from here... wandering in and out of the state, along the way. There are numerous smaller turbines on other rivers around the state. I

recently saw an article in an online journal, in which it was stated that, in order to meet current demands, eighty percent of Americas' energy

can and should come from renewables within 30 years time.

This means power from turbines in

dams... as well, as solar power... silicon cells and turbines. Other renewable sources I will list below.

The renewables' progress as energy source... often depends, on new technology, to unlock its potential.

Solar powered turbines, can be turned by pressurised steam, created by focusing an reflector

array, for the suns radient heat, onto an water tower... then letting the superheated steam, rush back down in pipes, to turn the turbine. Yet another example of renewable energy, being wind power generation. Such is an time-honored method of harnessing nature, but I've read papers written by those whom live near turbine farms, in which the writer claims that wind farms are an eyesore, and noise pollution... that they consume farm land, and are an unreliable energy source . This is unfortunate to read, but might yet have some

truth. But, nonetheless, renewables are the wave of the future.

Geothermal power generation, hydrogen fuel cells, and biomass - which is the creation of heat from the decay of vegetable matter, such as corn husk, or bean vine, is in very limited use, as these technologies are developing.

Hydrogen fuel cells are an promising way to wean the automobile industry, off of petroleum... imagine powering your freight lines, or rail locomotive lines solely thru hydrogen fuel cells, which are

recharged with hydrogen generated by passing an electric current, (which could be generated from coal, solar or hydroelectric sources...) through an salty brine solution, and collecting the hydrogen which bubbles up from the positive anode, submerged within the saltwater. Technical constraints and considerations are mainly around ensuring the safe method of pressurizing and packing hydrogen gas, somehow in rechargeable tanks within the vehicle. Waste products from hydrogen combustion, are only

H<sub>2</sub>O, or pure water. Tidal power generation, sounds promising, but has technical limits. Solar cells, for generating energy directly from sunlight... sounds good, but the expenses involved in making the cells, have been beyond the budget of most. Just an example of how, my own self-critiques of my writing, led to thoughts upon river economies, and renewables using steam turbines, led myself to connect with the current discussion on the necessities for renewables.

So one delves into ones own creativity and divination, while

connecting with current events, and topic of recent appeal. So, my poets' mind, sees similarities, within myself, and my writing, and the greater world around myself.

This play of contrasting similitudes, revolve around thoughts, of seasonal farming, of the land, and the harnessing, of natural laws, and processes, for benefitting mankind. The 'stream of consciousness,' writing, is an 'moving meditation,' like zen driving, and suggests, that one keep in mind, the aim of eventual gold, or silver... like unto the

transmutation of base metals into precious metals, so the farmers' attention unto his crops, in the fertile soil... tenderly tilling the soil, watering the seeds, and harvesting marketable produce... has economic value... and an useful metaphor, for writer, or artisan, might be also that of farming collective... and which too, is rooted in natural principles, and processes. So, this is the perspective, of this 'writers' mind,' today. I send along these ideas unto yourself.